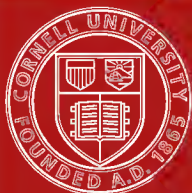


PRINCIPLES^{AND} PRACTICE
of
PUBLIC SPEAKING

KAMMEYER



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Principles and practice of public speak



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PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

BY

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PREFACE

THE motive which has prompted the writing of this book is threefold; first, to present the principles of public speaking, and suitable illustrative material in convenient form for use in the author's own classes; second, to supply the needs of other teachers to whom this book may commend itself; and third, to meet the demand of the general reader who may desire by his own unassisted efforts to cultivate the ability to speak in public.

The order of presentation, and the method of instruction and practice that is suggested, follow closely the author's plan in presenting the work to his own students. It is hoped, and believed, that this book will commend itself as a text especially to young teachers who lack experience in methods, and to that large body of busy teachers with whom teaching classes in public speaking constitutes only a part of their regular work. With this in view, the author has endeavored to be simple and clear in statement, and has supplied an abundance of illustrative material for every principle presented; and he has permitted himself at times, an informality and directness of address that could be sanctioned only by the purpose of emphasis and personal encouragement.

There has been throughout an effort to preserve the distinction between public speaking and public reading, or elocution; yet the extreme policy of excluding all illustrations from the general literature of poetry and prose has not been adopted. To maintain that the vocal and physical

means of expression in public speaking and elocution are fundamentally different is absurd. The difference lies chiefly in purpose and variety of expression. Wherever it was thought a selection from poetry or general literature would best illustrate a principle, the selection has been unhesitatingly used in preference to one taken from public speeches. This course may be further justified by the added advantage of affording variety and stimulating interest. A successful speaker should be, and needs must be a good reader; and he cannot have too much of the larger outlook, the deeper sympathy, the livelier imagination, and the cultural advantage that arises from familiarity with general literature and the ability to give it vocal interpretation. In the author's own observation and experience in the class room, the oral reading of simple, ordinary prose is often a sorry exhibition of incompetence and neglected training. Students deficient in this respect should have training in the vocal interpretation of good literature before undertaking the larger work of public speaking practice.

The questions and exercises, and specific references for collateral reading which are given at the close of most chapters; the treatment of musical properties of speech and their suggested adaptability to use by public speakers; the chapter on class criticism and the use of a score card; and the author's outlines for platform work appropriate to the needs of the college student and his probable activities in later life, may be considered among others, the distinguishing features of this book. The selections for illustrations and practice with which the book closes are taken very largely from the literature of great speeches, and are representative of the four forms of appeal, and of many

peoples and periods of history. They may be used to advantage as supplemental to the illustrations and platform work which accompany the discussion of technique in preceding chapters.

This book, furthermore, has been prepared with a view to the elasticity of its use so far as concerns the length of time that is devoted to the subject in different schools. In a two hour per week course during one term or semester, the introductory chapter, and chapters VIII, IX, X, XII, and XIV, and much illustrative material may be eliminated from consideration in class without destroying the logical sequence and utility of the remaining subject matter which is to be used. To courses of four or five hours per week, the entire subject matter of the book is nicely adapted.

Acknowledgments are due, and hereby gratefully made, to the long list of writers who have contributed to the literature of this subject, especially to the writings of Professors Clark and Chamberlain, which have more largely influenced the author than any other; and to my colleague, Professor E. P. Johnston, for valuable suggestions, and assistance in reading proof. Fond recognition is also given to my daughters, Emma and Wilma, for efficient and helpful service in many ways.

J. E. KAMMEYER.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, August, 1911.

TO THE
YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF MY CLASSES,
PAST AND PRESENT, WHOSE KINDLY INTEREST
AND INTELLIGENT CO-OPERATION HAVE
MADE MY WORK A PLEASANT TASK
AT ALL TIMES

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Not until human nature is other than it is, will the function of the living voice—the greatest force on earth among men—cease . . . I advocate, therefore, in its full extent, and for every reason of humanity, of patriotism, and of religion, a more thorough culture of public speaking; and I define public speaking to be the art of influencing the conduct with truth sent home by all the resources of the living man.

Henry Ward Beecher.

PART I
PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A necessary distinction. Although public speaking and elocution have much in common, there is nevertheless sufficient difference upon which to base a distinction. It is true that every principle of expression which applies to the one applies also to the other, but there is a fundamental difference of purpose. In elocution the purpose is entertainment; in public speaking it is conviction. Failure on the part of any public speaker to appreciate this difference in purpose is certain to minimize, if not to destroy the effectiveness of his speech. In fact he becomes a mere declaimer, and, if he have the advantage of a good voice and pleasing personality, may succeed in entertaining his hearers, but never in convincing them. There is no intention of denying either the utility or the importance of elocution as an art. To do that would be to repudiate the very principles of expression which underlie public speaking. The distinction that is made is subjective rather than objective, moral rather than technical.

The effective public speaker is he who is dominated by the single purpose to convince, to move to action, and who, though master of the elocutionist's art, subordinates it to this one purpose. Not only is there a difference of purpose,

but there is generally a difference in the character of the subject matter. The elocutionist deals with the vocal interpretation of literature; the public speaker has a message of his own to carry. This implies no invidious comparison. Longfellow says, "Of equal honor with him who writes a noble poem is he who reads it well;" and it might be added that excellence in literary interpretation is a necessary prerequisite for successful public speaking. Learning to interpret the written thoughts of others is a logical preparation for the formulation and utterance of our own. Again, in gathering material, writing, acquiring a vocabulary, and general preparation, the work of the public speaker differs from that of the elocutionist both in content and extent.

Public speaking may be defined as the art of expressing thought by means of the voice and physical action for the purpose of dominating the will.

Two Classes of Public Speakers. Probably the simplest and most suggestive classification of speakers that can be made divides them into two types, the Demosthenian and the Ciceronian. Demosthenes, by common consent, the world's greatest orator of all time, was noted for his directness and forcefulness, both in thought and expression. He was lacking neither in elegance of diction nor charm of manner, and all of his speeches are said to have been carefully prepared, yet these qualities were overshadowed by a ruggedness and vehemence of appeal which seemed to result from the inspiration of the moment rather than from premeditation and studied effort. His eloquence was like the on-rushing of a mighty flood carrying every obstacle before it. Cicero, on the other hand, was noted primarily for his literary precision, elegance of style and graceful manner.

By no means flippant or shallow in thought, still his main strength lay in rhetorical grace and perfect delivery.

These two great orators of Greece and Rome have served the world as models for more than twenty centuries, and it is not a difficult matter for the student familiar with forensic literature to classify the great speakers of subsequent time under one or the other of these two heads. Upon this basis Pope Urban II, Savonarola, Bismarck, Mirabeau, Grattan, Chatham, Curran, Lincoln and Beecher belong to the Demosthenian type; while Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Bossuet, Henry, Webster, and Ingersoll belong to the Ciceronian type.

Conditions Essential to Effective Speaking. These conditions are three in number: (1) mastery of the subject; (2) proper relation of the speaker to the occasion and the audience; (3) nature of purpose.

The first and third of these are under the control of the speaker. It lies within his power to make adequate preparation and to allow himself to be governed by noble purposes. This is rarely, if ever, true of the second, except indirectly. He must follow the plan of Abraham Lincoln who said to himself in his youth, "I will study and get ready; perhaps the opportunity will come." It came.

A speaker may expect to be successful in the delivery of his message and the conviction which it carries, just to the degree in which these conditions are fulfilled. By mastery of the subject is meant, not only conversance with all that relates to the subject matter, but also facility of expression and a disposition to communicate. When this condition is present to the exclusion of the other two, brilliant declamation may result, but little more. The effort, moreover, is likely to be of a commercial character. If conditions one

and two are present, the effort rises to a higher plane but is barren of any great results. If two and three are fulfilled, only failure can result. Moral worth and opportunity minus ability are meagre assets in any relation of life. It is only when all three conditions are present that public speaking becomes effective, and is productive of good results. Of this the history of oratory furnishes examples without number.

Examples of Effective Speaking. When Abraham Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address, all three of these conditions were fulfilled to a high degree. Who denies his mastery of the subject? Who indeed of his day had deeper insight into the problems of government than he? What occasion could have been of greater moment than that which had called together thousands of his fellow countrymen to do honor to their patriot dead upon a field so recently drenched with their sacrificial blood? That audience was representative of Americans in every walk and station of life, of high or low degree. Who more than Lincoln was in closer relation of trust and sympathy to them all? And finally, who could doubt the exalted purpose of the speaker? It lifted him to a higher plane of thought and feeling until he seemed transfigured by his own eloquence. All three conditions were present in such perfect combination and to so high a degree, that his speech was recognized at once as one of the few that are to endure in fame and influence to the end of time. It was fruitful of immediate results, and as a model of brevity and power, has perhaps no equal.

Again, the appeal which *Pope Urban II made at Cler-

*For an excellent description of Pope Urban's speech on this occasion and its effects, read Chapter II of the Crusades, by Archer Kingsford.

mont in 1095 to the multitude there assembled must have been an example of rare power and effectiveness from the standpoint of public speaking. Measured by its results, this conclusion is a plausible one. The man, the occasion, and the audience, and his sublime motive all combined to produce a great speech. Who can measure its power or results in the two centuries of warfare which followed? Other good illustrations of effective speaking under these three conditions may be found in Webster's reply to Hayne in the Senate of the United States, and in Honorable William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech at Chicago in 1896.

In the foregoing illustrations only the highest types of effective public speaking have been described. From this it should not be inferred that effective speaking is limited to these. On the contrary it may be quite common. In the illustrations given, exceptional occasions were largely responsible for the greatness of the speech. Ordinary occasions are not, of course, productive of greatness, but the quality of effectiveness is attainable at all times, and when attained it will be found to be due to the same combinations, only in less degree. The conviction that one cannot become a Clay, or a Beecher does not in any sense justify the conclusion that one may not acquire the ability to speak effectively in public, nor does it condone the faults of speaking so commonly due to neglect and indifference.

Public Speaking as an Art. If there is anything in the theory that poets are born, not made, its application to public speaking is not apparent. What are usually considered hereditary qualities and capacities are in reality the results of persistent and pains-taking effort. It may be scientifically wrong to assure anyone that by training and effort he may become such a master of expression

as was Rufus Choate, but it is scarcely less reprehensible than wrong in practical effect not to hold up high ideals of excellence, especially before the young. Public speaking, as already defined, is an art, and therefore, teachable and acquirable. Intelligent and persistent effort in this art will always be rewarded with increased efficiency. Slovenliness in speech or manner is indefensible both in conversation and on the platform. He who will, can improve as a conversationalist or public speaker, and the results from any point of view are always worth the effort. The contention may be made that public speaking is not an art. This is freely granted, so far as it applies to much that is heard from pulpit and platform. The same is true of music, painting and sculpture. This opinion is probably due to the commonplace character of vocal speech: it is in the main, unconsciously acquired, and the common possession of all. People who would not think of singing in public without previous training and without being, to some extent at least, master of the art, do not hesitate to inflict themselves upon the public as speakers. Failing to recognize that public speaking as an art has certain fundamental principles that should be understood, and spurning the thought that training of voice or body is essential, they go on in their own way perpetuating error by repetition, and settle into a complacency which tolerates no suggestion for improvement and holds out no hope for relief to those who must listen.

Habit and Purpose. The relation of purpose to habit is of vital importance in public speaking. A specific purpose by frequent repetition becomes a habit. The physiological reasons for this do not concern us here. It is sufficient for present purposes to know that a speaker may over-

come faulty expression of voice or body by formulating a definite purpose to do the right thing, and by conscious effort and frequent repetition he soon acquires a correct habit. Conscious effort is irksome, but it is the only means of acquiring a correct habit which is unconscious effort, and is therefore easy. This principle will be applied later to articulation, time, grouping, and other means of expression both vocal and physical.

The Utility of the Art. The present age is eminently a practical one. It has commercialized to a large extent, science, literature and even art. Profits and pecuniary rewards are the governing motives in human society to a greater degree than ever before. Public speaking as an art must stand the dollar test if it is to receive general recognition. The student who chooses his elective will ask "How will this advantage me in my life work?" "Will it help me to win in the struggle for recognition and existence?" Unless he can see some material advantage which will result from the study and practice of public speaking, he is likely to avoid it.

Such a sordid view is distressing to any artist who reveres his art for its own sake, but the practical man must meet conditions as he finds them, and if these are beyond his control, must adjust himself to them.

Without entering into any extended discussion of this question of utility, it may suffice to ask, "Is the ability to speak effectively in public any necessary part of the equipment a clergyman should have? a lawyer? a physician? a teacher? an engineer or architect when he is called before municipal councils, boards of directors, etc., to give expert advice or to re-enforce his plans and specifications by oral explanation?" Is the ability to speak in public helpful to

the club woman who aspires to leadership or even efficient membership in her organization? Is it helpful to the craftsman in his labor union or lodge? to the farmer in his grange and institutes? to the average citizen when he is called upon to represent his constituency in any official capacity? Does not this ability add to the efficiency of these individuals and is it not therefore a material advantage?

The cultural value of such training needs no defense. The personal satisfaction alone which results from it is sufficient reward for the effort and time expended. It is commonly said that the multiplication of books, magazines, and newspapers has rendered the art of public speaking useless and obsolete. Nothing is farther from the truth. As long as men maintain social relations, the spoken word will ever remain the most powerful factor in their institutional development and civic progress.

Forms of Appeal. Four types of utterance are usually recognized, and this classification is based upon purpose. When it is a speaker's purpose to appeal to the perceptions of his hearers, he uses the Descriptive form; when his purpose is to appeal to their reasoning faculties, he uses the Discriminative form; when he appeals to their feelings, he uses the Emotional form; when he appeals to their wills, he uses the Volitional form. The line of cleavage between these forms is not perfect: they overlap. Seldom if ever does a speaker confine himself to one form. He uses a combination of two or more of them, but the form which predominates is easily recognizable, and determines the classification.

The Descriptive Form. This form is analogous to description or narration in rhetoric. It calls into play the memory and imagination of the hearer rather than his

reasoning powers. To comprehend and follow the speaker he uses only the knowledge which he has gained through his own past perceptions, and uses his imagination when his personal experience is deficient. It is the form of appeal most easily followed because of its narrative, story-telling character and may hold the attention longer and with less fatigue than any other. It is moreover fundamental to the other forms and a necessary accompaniment to each of them.

When using this form, the physical action on the part of the speaker is reposeful, with just enough muscular tension to suggest alertness and interest. His gestures are relatively few in number and short rather than sweeping, slow rather than quick and forceful. When emotion accompanies this form, the action is modified according to the character of the emotion.

Vocally the speaker depends chiefly, by no means wholly, upon the time element, which includes also grouping and pause. This will be more fully presented in Chapter IV.

The Discriminative Form. This form is discursive or argumentative in character. Appeal is made to the reasoning power. Relations, contrasts, and comparisons are dealt with and given greater prominence than units of thought. The abstract dominates the concrete. Unaccompanied by emotion other than the normal feeling, it has a scholastic dignity peculiarly its own. It is on a higher plane than the other forms because it appeals to a man's crowning faculty, his reason. It is therefore not so easily followed as the descriptive form, and mental fatigue sets in earlier. The wise speaker will intersperse his address with anecdotes or illustration (descriptive form) in order to relieve the tension and revive the attention of his hearers.

The physical action on the part of the speaker is a little more pronounced than in description. Muscular tension is slightly greater and gestures are as a rule short but quick in stroke. They are suggestive of indicating, pointing out, contrast, comparison and inference. When this form assumes an emotional or volitional character, action becomes stronger and more varied.

The vocal exponent of this form is inflection by means of which relations and contrasts are expressed. Time as an element of expression is scarcely second in importance.

The Emotional Form. Description and discrimination are both necessary accompaniments of this form, but, as may readily be inferred, appeal to the feelings is the dominant purpose. Discretion should be exercised in the use of this form of appeal, for the speaker may easily lose a sane balance and defeat his own purpose by "out-heroding Herod." Rightly used this form of appeal is both pleasing and effective. Physical action here finds its greatest amplitude. There is alternation of muscular tension and relaxation, gestures are relatively numerous, sweeping, and of great variety in form and force. Pantomime and facial expression should receive consideration. Quality of tone is the speaker's chief vocal dependence, though as before, by no means his only one.

The Volitional Form. Appealing to the will is the distinguishing characteristic of this form. The appeal may not always be direct, quite often it is made indirectly through the reasoning faculty or the feelings or both. In this case the speaker's purpose is veiled, but it may be more or less effective.

There is considerable scope for physical action, though normally not so much as in the emotional form. Gestures

are quick, short, and forceful, though on occasion they may also be long and of wide extent, and made with only moderate force. In the main, however, force characterizes both the physical action and the vocal expression. Indeed, the vocal exponent of this form is force.

Illustrations. The following selections will serve as illustrations of the four forms of appeal just described. The student should make a critical study of each in the light of the above discussion, and be prepared to read any one of them effectively before his class.

1. Descriptive Form

From *Rugulus to the Carthaginians*.

"The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given with their rich and mellow light a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor, where, sheltered by the verdant shores, an hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors; their brazen beaks glittering in the morning sun; their streamers dancing on the breeze; while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

"No murmur of business or revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest his sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd, which, anxious and agitated, was rushing towards the capitol, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage."—Kellogg.

II. Discriminative Form

From *Eloquence and Logic*.

"It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcement of truth is most successfully effected by a cold

and formal logic, but the subtilties of dialectics, and the forms of logic, may play as fantastic tricks with the truth as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempts to apply mathematical precision to moral truths is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially the masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason would alone be influential to convince, but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. It is to this complex nature that the public speaker addresses himself, and the degree of power with which all the elements evoked is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and most of all to inspire with noble and generous passions. It is the cant of criticism of all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, eloquence gives it momentum. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion—the statue of Pygmalion inspired with vitality.” —Wm. C. Preston.

III. Emotional Form

Gone Out Forever.

“Like drooping, dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hope, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our heart, and their place is left empty, cold and dark. A mother’s steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through wants and sorrows; a father’s strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stum-

bling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light so mild, so pure, so constant, and so firm, shining upon us from gentle loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and to goodness; a brother's light forever sleeping in our soul and illuminating our going and coming; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever. No! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness, forever and forever."—Selected.

IV. Volitional Form

PROCRASTINATION.

“Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Ling’ring labors come to naught;
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man’s pleasure;
Seek not when the time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom’s leisure;
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.”

—Robert Southwell.

From Speech Against the American War.

“I cannot, my lords, I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation, the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must if possible dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display in its full dangers and genuine colors the ruin which is brought

to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt!"—Lord Chatham.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is the fundamental distinction between public speaking and elocution?
2. Define public speaking.
3. Into what two general classes may public speakers be divided? What is the basis for this division?
4. Name the three conditions for effective public speaking.
5. Make an oral report before the class on how these conditions entered into Bryan's speech before the National Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1896.
6. Do the same with reference to Patrick Henry's address before the Virginia Assembly; Burke's Impeachment of Warren Hastings; Webster's Reply to Hayne; Grady's speech on "The New South."
7. Is public speaking an art? Give reasons for your answer.
8. Is it a creative or a re-creative art?
9. Show the relation of purpose to habit, as it applies to public speaking.
10. Discuss public speaking from the standpoint of usefulness; from a cultural standpoint.
11. Bring to class four selections of your own to illustrate each of the four forms of appeal.

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CHAPTER II

PHYSICAL MEANS OF EXPRESSION

The Technique of Expression. A speaker to be successful in his art must have perfect control of both voice and body, for these are the only two means of expression at his disposal. They are mutually dependent, and neither one alone can serve his purpose well. The well known fact that a speaker must be seen as well as heard in order that his message may be fully understood and appreciated is conclusive evidence that the voice is only one of the means of expression: the other is the body; and in the sense the term is here used, includes the head, face, arms, hands, trunk and lower extremities. In fact, speaking lays tribute upon the whole man. It drafts into service every fibre and faculty of his being.

This being the case, it follows naturally that training of both voice and body is not only possible but necessary if one would become successful as a public speaker. That there is a limit for each individual beyond which continued training will not result in any appreciable advance in efficiency is quite probable, but that a very large per cent of those who speak in public fall far short of reaching their potential maximum of efficiency is very certain. Time and effort invested in study and training will return handsome dividends culturally, professionally, and even commercially.

The physical means of expression will be discussed under four heads: (1) Bearing; (2) Attitude; (3) Muscular tenseness, and (4) Gesture.

Bearing. This term may be defined as the habitual manner of bodily carriage. Too often it is faulty, ungraceful, and even slouchy. We may be indifferent to these defects in persons whom we pass on the streets or meet in a business or social way, but when they obtrude themselves upon us in a public speaker who is about to address us, we are at once prejudiced against him. Every speaker subjects himself to immediate and minute criticism the moment he appears before an audience. True, this criticism is usually of a silent character, but to a greater or less extent it places the hearer in an attitude unfavorable to the speaker and the message he would deliver.

The bearing of a speaker before his audience should always be such as to suggest vital force, alertness, and interest, and to inspire confidence in his auditors. Under specific conditions his bearing should be in harmony with the form of appeal he is using, for it should be remembered that it is one of his means of expression. Who has not noticed the change in bearing which comes over a friend when he is happy, or downcast or angry? Indeed, do we not judge the state of his feelings even at a distance by his bearing alone? Does it not speak louder than words, when by words he would deceive us? In no less degree is bearing a physical means of expression on the part of a public speaker.

Attitude. This differs from bearing in duration of time and specific pose. It is usually the result of voluntary and conscious action. "Striking an attitude" is an expressive phrase. There should be nothing "stagey" about this when used in public speaking. An assumed strut, a deliberate pose made for the evident purpose of attracting attention to the speaker is sure to detract from his message. Here,

as with bearing and gesture, the attitude should always be a necessary aid to the expression of thought and emotion.

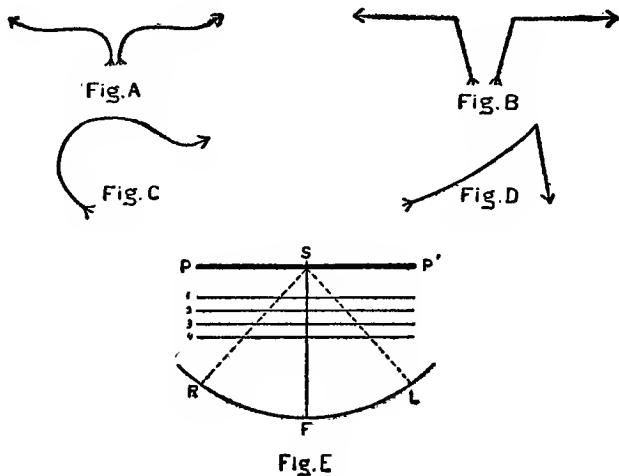
Muscular Tension. This is really concomitant with bearing and attitude. It is of sufficient importance, however, to merit separate treatment. A comparatively relaxed state of the muscles very plainly expresses solemnity, awe, compassion, etc. A tense condition expresses fear, righteous indignation, eagerness, sternness, etc. This is, of course, only so in combination with the spoken word. The muscular state is a re-enforcement of the verbal message. In gesturing the desired effect is often lost because of improper muscular tension.

Gesture. Books have been written on this subject—and large ones, too. Opinions differ as to the merits of training for specific gestures. The great danger lies in the probability of mechanical effects. A long list of rules is likely to be confusing rather than helpful; yet the other extreme of “gesturing when you feel like it” is little better. The wiser course to pursue is probably a mean between these two; and in sympathy with this view, the following propositions are submitted as having the virtue of brevity and of being general rather than specific in character.

(1) **The Line of Gesture.** It is perhaps generally accepted that curved lines are more beautiful and graceful than straight lines. This has its application to gesturing. It may be observed that the self-conscious and awkward speaker, when he gestures—if at all—carries his hands and arms away from his body in straight lines. The action at elbow or shoulder produces angular effects. He is not unlike a jumping-jack in stiffness and line of action.

The conclusion is that gestures, for the most part, should follow curved lines. In a double, whole-arm gesture, mani-

festive of wideness and extent, the hands and arms should describe curves, as in Fig. A.; not straight lines, as in Fig. B. In a right hand gesture of emphasis made with hand and forearm the resultant line of action should be approximately as in Fig. C, not as in Fig. D.



Plotting on paper the curve or line of a gesture cannot be accurate or satisfactory because the plane varies. The above figures only roughly indicate line and direction, and serve the purpose of suggestion, not illustration.

(2) **The Direction of Gesture.** Let figure E illustrate the position of a speaker on a platform. The heavy line P P' represents the edge of the platform which runs parallel to the lines numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., and which may be supposed to represent the audience seated in rows facing the speaker, whose position is at S. The line S F intersects the line P P' at right angles. The dotted lines

S R and S L form angles of 45 degrees with lines P P' and S F. Now, a large percentage of the gestures which a speaker standing at S makes, should fall within the space included between the lines S R and S L or measured by the arc R L. The reason for this is that he should talk to his whole audience and not to a part of them, as he is likely to do if he turns to right or left of the bounds indicated in the above figure. Rarely if ever should a speaker face in the direction of P or P' while speaking; and practically never should he turn his back upon his audience. The lecturing cartoonist is probably the only justifiable exception to this rule.

(3) **The Stroke of Gesture.** Every gesture divides itself naturally into two parts, the initial, and the completive. The initial, i. e., preparatory part of it, is usually slower in movement and longer in duration than the completive part. The latter, especially when the stroke is downward, is more rapid and forceful. Gestures, to be graceful (and therefore expressive), in addition to the attribute just mentioned, must have definite terminals. One illustration may serve to explain this point because it will have general application. Take, for example, the sentence, "Let your answer be, 'No!'" It is quite evident that a gesture on the "No" would re-enforce the thought. Of the number of gestures a speaker might use in this case, let us suppose he chooses to use the right arm and hand as indicated in Fig. C, page 19. The duration of the initial part of this gesture should be equal to the time he takes in saying the words, "Let your answer be," and the completive part, or downward stroke, should be contemporaneous with the forcible utterance of the word "No!" The hand should reach its terminal point at the exact moment the word "No" is spoken,

and *stop there*. The hand should be held at this point for an appreciable length of time before it is dropped to the side. To let the hand continue in an unbroken sweep till the arm hangs pendent at the side weakens the gesture or even changes its expression from one of dignified emphasis to one of petulance.

The state of muscular tension is a very important matter in this connection. During the initial part of a gesture the tension is considerably less than during the complete part. Muscular relaxation at the terminal point, or just before reaching it, deprives the gesture of all expressiveness save that of slouchiness and insipidity.

(4) **The Relation of Body to Gesture.** The action of the body should always be in sympathy with the gesture. Referring again to Fig. C, page 19, the body of the speaker as he makes this gesture should turn *in the direction* the gesture takes, be this to the right, left or front. If the gesture is made to the right, the body should rest its weight upon the right foot and turn at the ankle in the same direction as the gesture is being made. The reverse of this action is made when the gesture is a left-handed one; and when made towards the front, the bodily action is in this direction also. As a rule the weight of the body should rest upon the foot corresponding to the arm that is used in gesturing, right or left, as the case may be. This manifestly can not apply to gestures for which both arms are used simultaneously.

(5) **Relation of Gesture to Thought.** The relation is a vital one. If there is no logical relation between the two, the effect is lost, or worse, ludicrous. The thought that is prominent, the idea that is central, the purpose that is domi-

nant, these call for re-enforcement by gesture. This again is intimately related to—

(6) **When to Gesture.** "Gesture when you feel like it" is not a safe rule. Difference in temperaments and nervousness due to conditions of health and emotion may cause a speaker to run to extremes. There can be no absolute rule or set of rules to govern the time and number of gestures one should use. Perhaps the nearest approach one may make to a safe guide in this matter is to say that, when a gesture will help to make clearer the thought, to give greater emphasis to a statement, or to better reveal emotion, then it should be made. Observation and good judgment should determine the necessity for gestures.

(7) **Kinds of Gesture.** There are many. Some writers have elaborated systems of many details, which, if followed, result either in confusion or mechanical effects. Just as people have tones of voice, peculiarities of walk, and bodily poises which characterize them as individuals, so the public speaker should have gestures that are all his own. Imitation is destructive of the charm of originality. Gesture according to impulse modified and controlled by the principles laid down in the foregoing discussions.

(8) **Coming Upon, and Leaving the Platform.** Whenever possible a speaker should make his entrance at the sides or rear, and keep his face at all times, so far as possible, turned in the direction of his audience. It is not necessary or even good form to make an elaborate bow to the audience just before beginning to speak. A slight inclination forward of the head is sufficient recognition.

At the conclusion of a speech a speaker very properly may bow to his audience as a sign of appreciation and leave-taking, but this should never be done in a series of elaborate

bows after the manner of some stage folk. A slight bending forward of the body at the waist is sufficient. In the act of recovering, take one step backwards, and then, while taking the second step, turn the foot which is lifted from the floor to the right or left, as the case may be, in the direction that is to be taken on leaving the platform. Continue in that line to the exit or a seat. A little practice in private will enable anyone to master these movements so that they may be executed with grace and dignity.

Stage Fright. This phenomenon sometimes incident to public speaking is treated under this heading because it affects physical action in its relation to bearing, attitude and gesture. To a large extent it is a result of too much self-consciousness and, with patience and practice, may be overcome. If the speaker (patient, perhaps, in this case) will make himself master of his subject-matter before he attempts to present it, and will arouse in himself a genuine interest in it so that he will be impelled by a desire to communicate it to others, it will go far towards making him forget self and thus overcome the tendency to stage fright. As a psychological remedy, the autosuggestion, "*I can do this; I will not fail,*" has its virtue. Mechanically even, one may do much to beget self-confidence. Walk firmly; stand erect with muscles of the lower limbs tense; elevate the chin; look over not at the audience; shoulders back and breathe deeply; articulate sharply. Doing these things acts reflexively upon the mind. The tense muscle begets and suggests strength, confidence, just as the relaxed muscle suggests weakness or fear.

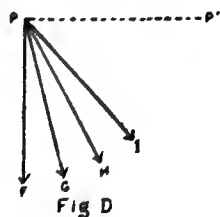
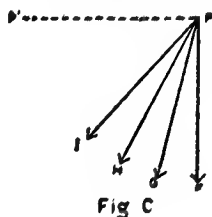
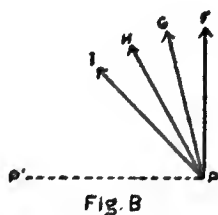
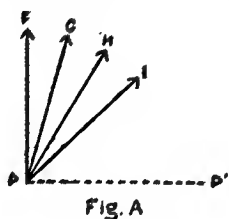
Some General Suggestions. The fact can not be too strongly emphasized that a speaker must do nothing, consciously or unconsciously, to attract attention to himself

personally. His message, or speech, is the all important thing, and anything he does that will detract the attention of his audience from it is a serious error. An awkward gesture or a vain pose always attracts attention to itself, and just to this extent *detracts* from the thing that is being said at the time. Such a fault, in the one case, should be overcome by training; and, in the other, studiously avoided. Even matters of such insignificance as an ill-adjusted tie, a squeaky shoe, slovenly or gorgeous attire are inimical to effective delivery because they attract attention to themselves. When an audience is engaged in silent criticism of such things, it is paying little attention to what is being said.

A certain well known preacher, after reading his text, and during the first three or four minutes of his discourse, habitually and with great deliberation polished his glasses by alternately blowing his breath upon them and rubbing them vigorously with his handkerchief. This useful piece of cloth was always carefully folded when he extracted it from a rear pocket of his coat, and it was necessary therefore first to unfold it with awkward fingers before it could be used to advantage. All this was done in full view of his audience, every member of which, while the process lasted, was a spectator but not a hearer. A member of his congregation described the effect accurately when he said, "I always miss the introductions to Dr.——'s sermons because I can't help watching him, and thinking of laundries, precipitation, friction, light refraction and other things I used to study in physics."

The attention of an audience is harder to gain than to lose. A speaker should do nothing to divert it when once it is his.

Physical Exercises. Errors of physical action can be overcome by determination and training, and with this end in view the following exercises are submitted. They are valueless when taken indifferently and at varying intervals of time. To obtain desirable results, the student should practice these exercises privately and with regularity until correct habits become fixed.



1. Fig. A. Stand erect, heels together, hands resting on hips, fingers to front. Take one step forward as from P to I, then back to position, counting 1, 2, as these movements are made. Repeat the same exercise from P to H, P to G, and P to F, counting 1, 2, in each instance. Retrace the arc from F back to I. Repeat this exercise with varying length of step and rapidity of movement. As the points F, G, H, I, in the arc are reached with the right foot, the body should be turned in the same direction, and the right leg flexed at the knee, the left remaining rigid. Raise

the left heel slightly from the floor as each forward step is taken.

2. Repeat the above exercise in every particular but in reverse order to left as shown in Fig. B. Count 1, 2.

3. Repeat exercise (1) with these modifications and additions; gesture with right arm and hand as shown in Fig. C, page 19, palm up. Do this as each step forward is taken. Gesture and step should be simultaneous. Repeat the exercise with palm down; and again by pointing with index finger. The hand should be loosely open, with index finger extended. Vary the exercise by making the complete stroke downward, straight from shoulder, or upward. Remember what has been said about gesturing along curved lines. Count 1, 2.

4. Repeat exercise (2), Fig. B, with modifications and additions as outlined in exercise (3), action to the left. Count 1, 2.

5. Fig. C. This exercise is like (1), Fig. A, with this difference that the step in each case is backwards, and that the muscles of both legs are quite rigid except when flexing the right knee on each return to position. Count 1, 2.

6. Repeat exercise (5) in every particular, but in reverse order to right as shown in Fig. D. Count 1, 2.

7. Repeat exercise (5) with gestures as explained in (3). Remember what has been said of bodily sympathy with gesture. Count 1, 2.

8. Repeat exercise (7) with change to right as indicated in Fig. D. Add gestures. Count 1, 2.

9. Stand erect, heels together, arms hanging loosely at sides. Swing right arm and hand in semi-circle to right and upward, bringing the fist with a strong complete stroke downward into the hollow of the left hand, which,

during this movement, has been brought to a position at a point immediately in front of the body and at the waist line. Now without dropping arms to sides, hold the right hand open in same position, at the same time swinging the left arm and hand in a semi-circle to left and upward, bring the left fist down into the open right hand. Alternate this movement any number of times, counting 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., or simply 1, 2.

10. Stand erect, heels together, arms at side. Gesture with both arms and hands, describing curved lines as B to C

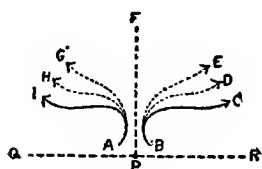


Fig E

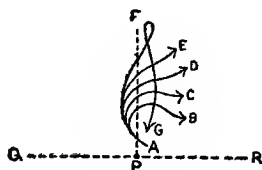


Fig. F

and A to I in Fig. E. Drop arms easily to sides after hands have reached terminal points D and E, and H and G. In the first gesture the arms are extended at an angle of about 15 degrees from the horizontal. Each succeeding gesture carries them further forward. These gestures are made level with the shoulders. Vary the exercise so as to bring them above or below this level. Count 1 for the initial, 2 for the complete part of the gesture, and 3 as arms fall back to sides.

11. Stand erect with weight resting on left foot, right foot slightly advanced and placed almost at right angles with left. With right arm and hand make a gesture which will follow a curved line as from A to B in figure F. Drop arm to side and repeat gesture, this time reaching the ter-

minal point C. Repeat in like manner to C, D, and E. On the last stroke upwards and almost directly overhead, return the arm and hand vigorously downward to, and terminating at G. It will be observed that these gestures are made directly in front of body, terminating at the right of center and forward about 45 degrees from the horizontal. Count as in (10).

12. Repeat the preceding exercise with left hand. The reverse of Fig. F will apply.

The above exercises will be found to be sufficient in number and variety to answer the purpose of training for flexibility, grace, and direction of movement. With a little study the student may make new combinations of the above movements if he wishes to do so. He should emphasize those which have special bearing on his needs.

Before concluding this discussion it is well to point out the importance of the hand-action in all gestures. What the eye is to facial expression, the hand is to bodily expression. It should be full of life and suggestive of action particularly at the terminal points of gestures. Nothing is so expressionless as the extended arm with the hand hanging limply downward from the wrist. It resembles more a stick with a mop attachment for swabbing windows, than an agent of expression.

During the initial part of a gesture—speaking generally—the hand follows the wrist, being open, with fingers trailing, not tense; but during the completive part, it forges ahead, as it were, becomes instinct with life, flattens out with fingers extended, and comes to a stop at terminal points with something like a jerk. The whole movement of arm and hand is not unlike the sinuous coiling of a whip and the snapper at its end.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Why do we want to look at a speaker while we are listening to him?

2. What do you understand by the technique of expression so far as it applies to the art of speaking?

3. What is meant by bearing? attitude? muscular tension? gesture? pantomime?

4. Show how each of the above is related to the expression of emotional states, and even to thought.

5. A student once took part in an oratorical contest with excellent prospects of winning; but while speaking one wing of his collar became unfastened and persisted in mounting upwards to his chin. He took second place. Discuss this case.

6. Name and illustrate before the class the two parts of a gesture, using an appropriate sentence as you do so.

7. What is meant by bodily sympathy with gesture?

8. When only should one gesture?

9. Describe your own sensations and actions during stage fright. Do the same as you have observed it in others. Can you suggest "remedies"?

10. Relate a case coming under your own observation which might be similar to the one concerning the preacher spoken of in the text.

11. Make any combination or modification of the physical exercises given in this chapter, and illustrate it before the class.

12. Consult one or more of the texts listed in the bibliography at the end of this chapter, and select some physical exercise which may be helpful to you. Illustrate before the class.

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CHAPTER III

VOCAL MEANS OF EXPRESSION—ARTICULATION

Its Fundamental Character. Articulation is treated first as a means of vocal expression because it is without doubt the most important factor in effective public speaking—and in private conversation, for that matter. Good articulation gives the voice greater carrying power, in most respects, than force alone can give. Who has not heard the public speaker who relied chiefly on force as a means of sending his message to the remotest corner of the hall or auditorium? Very often, due sometimes to structural characteristics of the building, the result was nothing less than a reverberation of sounds, unrecognizable in part and largely confusing. A sharp, clear, precise articulation coupled with the right degree of force will carry a word in its entirety, and therefore with its full meaning, farther than when force alone is used. It will overcome poor acoustics in most cases, and under all conditions produce the most pleasing and desirable results.

How to Acquire the Habit. The relation of purpose to habit, discussed in Chapter I, may well receive further consideration in this connection. Poor articulation is always due to incorrect habits of breathing, improper muscular action, or anatomical defects. These will be discussed in the order named.

Defective breathing is responsible for poor articulation in this way: lack of sufficient air in the lungs diminishes the volume necessary for producing tones that are clear and

distinct. The habit of deep and regular breathing stimulates all the vital processes and gives to the nerves and muscles which are concerned in the production of sound the tendency to prompt, vigorous action. Again, defective breathing sometimes results in an uneven distribution of breath-power. The breath comes in irregular gusts, so to speak, and has the effect of blurring the sound either at the beginning or end of a syllable or word. This is why we sometimes hear words that begin with a sigh and end with a yell, as it were; or the reverse may be true. This is a very common fault among public speakers. We hear only parts of their words, and therefore only partly get their thought. Breathing should be deep and regular, so that the breath may be evenly distributed to syllables and words.

Improper muscular action is doubtless the chief cause of poor articulation. The inner muscles of the neck are too tense, the jaw action is incomplete and stiff, the lip action weak, and the tongue truly "is an unruly member," being sluggish and often in the way. All these muscles help to modify and individualize the tones produced by the passage of the breath through the vocal cords; and if they are not under perfect and instant control, or operate with insufficient force, poor articulation inevitably results. The remedy lies in training these muscles by oft repeated and conscious effort until correct action is obtained, and until it becomes a fixed habit.

It is foreign to the nature and scope of a treatise like this to deal with defects of an anatomical character. Defects of the tongue, lips, teeth, tonsils, etc., are things which belong to the jurisdiction of the skillful surgeon.

By way of summary then let emphasis again be placed

on this fact, that conscious effort repeated until it becomes an unconscious habit is the only method by which one may learn to articulate well. It may be added by way of encouragement that by persistence a correct habit may be acquired in comparatively short time, especially by young people. A few weeks will show gratifying results.

The Mechanics of Articulation. By this is meant the action of the tongue, lips and lower jaw in conjunction with the teeth and palate in the production of elementary sounds. To illustrate this action, and without attempting anything like an exhaustive treatment of the subject, let us take a few elementary sounds and note just how they are produced.

In sounding long a, it will be observed that the lower jaw is dropped (but not so low as when sounding broad a), the muscles at each side of the mouth draw the corners back, stretching the lips quite firmly over the upper and lower front teeth and arching the tongue in the middle upwards to the palate, but not touching it.

In sounding long o the position of the lower jaw and of the tongue remain the same as for long a except that the latter is pulled down a little at the base. The sound is modified chiefly by the lips which are strongly pursed and extended forward in oval shape. To test this, sound long a; and while sustaining the sound, without changing the position of tongue or jaw, but extending the lips forward in oval shape, it will be found that the o sound is approached. Something like the German ö is the result.

In sounding long e the lower jaw, lips and tip of tongue are held in quite the same position as for long a. To prove this, insert the index finger between the front teeth and sound both letters. No change of position is apparent.

Now, with the finger still in position, sound the letter p. It will be found that the lips close tightly about the finger and then draw back as in sounding e. The sound of t also includes that of e, but the tip of the tongue is pressed firmly against the upper front teeth on their inner side and then sharply withdrawn to a position as in e.

In producing the sound of k the tongue is drawn back and pressed upwards at the base against the soft palate, and held there while the air from the lungs is compressed in the pharynx; then it is sharply withdrawn downward and into a position as in long a. The sound of k is the result.

The preceding analyses are by no means interesting reading to anyone not interested in tone production and articulation, and in all probability the average student will be inclined to "skip" these lines; but if he has any desire to improve his articulation, he will carefully study them. He will do more than this: he will add to the list or even complete it; and, with mirror in hand, and pressure of fingers, will note by what mechanical action of the muscles each elementary sound is produced. By this method only can he discover his own defects and make intelligent effort to correct them.

Exercises for Articulation. The following selections have been made with special reference to their utility in training the muscles used in articulation. Every syllable and word contained in them should be subjected by the student to careful analysis, to the end that he may know just what muscular action is necessary in each case to produce desirable results. They should be re-read many times, until the ability is acquired to make each syllable stand out in clear relief, as it were. There is more benefit to be derived from mastering a few of these exercises than from

indifferently reading many of them. The aim is not variety but muscular control. When the latter is acquired in one case, it is readily applicable in all similar ones.

Study and read these selections in private and before the class.

1. A big black bug bit a big black bear.
2. The old, cold scold sold a school coal-scuttle.
3. She says she sells sea shells.
4. Would that all difference of sects were at an end.
5. I saw eight gray geese going grandly by.
6. He saved six slim, slender, sleek saplings.
7. Round the rough, rugged rocks, the ragged rascals rudely ran.
8. Some shun sunshine; do you think sunshine should be shunned?
9. I said "literary, literally, literarily," not "literally, literarily, literary."
10. The laurel-crowned^d clown crouched cowering into the cupboard.
11. Amos Ames, the amiable aeronaut, aided in an aerial enterprise at the age of 88.
12. The cat ran up the ladder with a lump of raw liver in her mouth.
13. Summer showers and soft sunshine shed sweet influence on spreading shrubs and shooting seeds.
14. A day or two ago during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and the other black, were standing at the corner doing nothing, when the white boot-black offered to shine the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black, brightening at this, said, "Blaze away." When the white boot-black had blacked quite black one of the black boot-black's boots he grew tired of the job and balked

at blacking the black boot-black's other boot. Thereupon the black boot-black grew wroth and a frightful fight ensued. A big, burly policeman brought this to an end, but not until the black boot-black had rubbed all the blacking on his boot over the white boot-black's badly battered face.

15. There was sound of revelry by night, and Belgium's capital had gathered then her beauty and her chivalry; and bright the lamps shown over fair women and brave men. A thousand hearts beat happily, and, when music rose, with her voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

16. You speak like a boy, like a boy who thinks the gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set upon my head, as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and the cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult? They shall hear of my vengeance that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable highland drover, bankrupt, barefoot, stripped of all, hunted down because the avarice of others grasped at more than the poor could pay, shall burst upon them with an awful change.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

“How does the water
Come down at Lodore?”
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter

And then came another,
To second the third,
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar
As many a time
They had seen before.

So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store,
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tran on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear
with its sound;

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and saving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,

And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaring,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and
 sprawling,
And driving and riving and striv-
 ing,
And sprinkling and twinkling
 and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and
 rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and
 doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and
 tumbling,
And clattering and battering and
 shattering.

Retreating and beating and meet-
 ing and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and play-
 ing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and
 glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling
 and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming, and
 steaming and beaming,

And rushing and flushing, and
brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and
clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and
purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and
bumping and jumping.

And dashing and flashing and
splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always
descending,
Sounds and motions forever and
ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a
mighty uproar;
And this way the water comes
down at Lodore.

—Southey.

The following exercises will further assist the student in gaining control over the muscles of articulation. It should be borne in mind that the greatest benefit can be derived from daily practice in private. The class room, under conditions most commonly prevalent, is not the best place because of time limitations. If the instructor puts his class through these exercises once, reverting to them afterwards as time permits, he has fairly done his part. It is then incumbent upon the student to continue these faithfully in private if he expects to derive any benefit from them.

(1) **Exercise for Flexibility of Jaw.** Sit or stand erect and have the neck free from pressure by collar or clothing. Sound the syllable fo with great distinctness up and down the musical scale. Substitute in succession for o the vowels a, e, i, u. Drop the jaw with each utterance, even giving it

an exaggerated action for sake of the effect. In like manner vary the exercise by substituting for f the letters l or t, and adding any one of the above vowels. Go through some simple tune in this way, but *always work the jaw vigorously*. To go through these exercises with teeth clenched, or nearly so, is worse than useless; it is perpetuating a fault instead of learning and fixing a correct habit.

(2) **Tongue Exercise.** In articulating la, li, ta, ti, etc., in the above exercise the tip of the tongue is brought prominently into action as well as the jaw. See that the sounds are given explosively. Use r in combination also.

The base of the tongue may be exercised by prefixing k, hard g, or q to any of the simple vowels and sounding them repeatedly or by singing them as before described. Study every position the tongue takes with reference to the soft palate in making these sounds, and note the preliminary compression of breath and resultant explosive effect if the action is vigorous.

(3) **Lip Exercise.** Prefix the letters b, p, or m to any of the vowels in succession, and sound sharply as before.

(4) Make various combinations of the above exercises, as, mu, ti, la, ke, so, fa; gi, me, fu, bo, qu, ta; and others that will suggest themselves in almost endless number. Speak these in something of a monotone, slowly, deliberately, and with great distinctness; then increase the rate with each repetition until very fast time is attained *without the loss of distinctness*.

Breathing Exercises. Proper breathing is not only a factor in good articulation, as already shown, but it is fundamental to every vocal means of expression. Exercises in breathing might very properly be given in connection with any of these; and they are given in this chapter for the sake

of introducing them early in the course, to the end that the student may apply the benefit gained by their practice to his subsequent work.

(1) Stand erect, heels together, shoulders back, head up. Place hands at sides just above hips, fingers to front, the tips of middle fingers not far apart. Now take a deep breath through the slightly-parted lips, inflating the lungs to their full capacity. Hold the breath at this point for a few seconds, then slowly exhale the breath through the nostrils, compressing the sides and abdomen with the hands and fingers while doing so. Windows should be open during this exercise and those following.

(2) Take position as in (1). Extend both arms forward and on a level with the shoulders, bringing the palms of the hands together. Now slowly describe the arc of a circle by swinging the arms back as far as possible. Keep the arms in a plane level with the shoulders and inhale slowly throughout this movement; then while slowly exhaling bring them back to their first position. Repeat the action and rise slowly to the toes while doing so. Bring the heels back to the floor as the arms return to position. Vary the exercise by flinging the arms back and filling the lungs with one quick breath. Do not repeat any of these exercises to the point of fatigue.

(3) Take position as before. Place the fists upon the chest a little below the collar bone, turning the back of closed hand as nearly as possible against the chest. This will bring the elbows up and forward. Now wrap the forearms diagonally downwards about the ribs, describing an arc with the fists in a plane level with the shoulders, until the elbows are closely pressed to sides. As this action takes place, slowly inhale. Exhale while returning to original

position. It is important to keep the forearms from wrist to elbow pressed closely to the body, as the point of contact changes in the "wrapping" process. To let the arms at every point get away from the body diminishes the effect. The whole movement is not unlike the act of stretching while yawning, and is very effective.

(4) Take position and inflate the lungs as in (1). Then count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, as the breath is exhaled. Repeat this exercise until the ability is gained of counting to 60, 80, or even 100, in measured tones and with the utmost distinctness. Vary the exercise by repeating in one exhalation the first stanza of Longfellow's poem, "A Psalm of Life." As capacity increases include also the second stanza, or select any other lines that may be suitable as an exercise in distinct articulation.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Compare articulation with force in relation to carrying-power of voice.
2. To what three causes is poor articulation due?
3. Discuss each of these causes in its relation to specific effects.
4. How are purpose and habit related to articulation?
5. What is meant by the mechanics of articulation?
6. Consult some grammar for a table of the elementary sounds. Select five of these and prepare in writing a careful analysis of the mechanism of their production.
7. Bring to class from any source available a list of sentences which are especially adapted to practice for articulation.

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CHAPTER IV.

TIME

Time in Music and Speaking. There is a striking analogy between music and speaking so far as the time element is concerned. In music we have length of tone, i. e., whole notes, quarter notes, eighth notes, sixteenths, etc.; in reading and speaking we have quantity, i. e., prolongation of sounds. In music, notes are grouped into measures; in speaking, words are grouped into thought units of varying lengths. In music, rests are employed; in speaking, pauses. In the same way we have fast, medium, and slow time in both. It is merely a difference in terminology, not in phenomena; and just as these time elements are fundamental in music, so are they in speaking. With what care does not the musician "keep time." He knows that a disregard of this is destructive of all melody; it changes music into noise. The learner places a metronome at his side so that he may play—(group)—his notes in perfect harmony with its beats. The function of the leader chiefly is to keep time for all players.

How little regard is paid to this important means of vocal expression by the average public speaker in spite of its marked similarity in both character and importance to music. If, in this particular alone, the same degree of care were exercised in speaking as in music, what an added charm and effectiveness there would be to public speaking! "He is a smooth speaker," is sometimes heard, and it is always in recognition of this important factor of time.

The hesitating speaker can never be effective because he wearies his hearers, or because, if they are interested in his subject, they will mentally supply the elusive word or reluctant thought for which the speaker is groping, and thus lose their confidence in him—a loss no speaker can suffer with impunity. Hesitation in speech may be due to one or more of the following causes: lack of knowledge or careless preparation, a vocabulary of small compass and variety, self-consciousness, or simply habit and indifference. The conclusion follows, that in order to have a smooth flow of language a speaker must *know* his subject; must have accumulated by previous habits of observation and study a vocabulary from which he can draw words at will; must lose himself in the subject and the occasion; and must revere his art.

Too much emphasis can not be placed on knowledge and vocabulary. Familiarity with the principles of public speaking and its physical and vocal technique are only half of the speaker's necessary equipment. He must *know facts* and how to reason concerning them, and must have a good vocabulary at his ready command. These things are related to logic and grammar and rhetoric, rather than to the art of speaking *per se*; but in practice, and from the viewpoint of the speaker's whole equipment are of equal importance. The student who would acquire the ability to speak fluently must form the purpose of looking up the meaning of every word he hears or reads and with which he is not familiar; and he should use such words both in conversation and in writing until they become a familiar and permanent addition to his vocabulary. Such a practice is sure to result in fluency of speech, so much desired and admired by all.

Finally, this time element is not only a matter of charm and beauty, but it is of the greatest utility in making clear the thought and in expressing emotions. The "rough and ready" speaker who scoffs at the notion that public speaking is a cultivable art, very often runs along at a rate that telescopes his words, obscures their meaning, destroys their relations, and leaves an impression of confusion and chaos rather than of orderly arrangement and ease; or, if he belong to another type, he may go on in a jerky way, pausing where he should not, and breaking up his thought units until his hearers get only fractions of what he is attempting to say. Such a speaker, if his harangue were to be put in printed form, doubtless would insist upon its orderly arrangement into sentences and paragraphs all properly punctuated, because he recognizes that these things are necessary to *clearness of thought*; but in speaking, these things, though similar in purpose and character, receive no consideration by him. In most cases he is too hugely satisfied with himself to appreciate the necessity of higher ideals.

Time Only a Relative Matter. By the previous discussion it is not intended to create the impression that there is or should be an absolute standard of time. As a matter of fact there can not be. By adjusting the pendulum of a metronome it is possible to have any number of music students play the same piece in exactly the same time; and to do this, moreover, without any loss of individuality on the part of the student, or of proper expressional effects. In speaking, however, every one in a certain sense must be a law unto himself. Some writers have made minute divisions of time into very fast, fast, brisk, medium, slow, very slow, etc.; and have attempted the fixation of some-

thing like an absolute standard of speed in each division. Such a thing, perhaps, would be possible if all persons were of like temperament and took the same point of view under all conditions. Uniformity might be gained, but the charm of variety and individuality certainly would be lost.

Take, for illustration, the following stanza of poetry:

“There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dew on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.”

—Arnold.

Any number of persons might read these beautiful lines with varying degrees of slowness and yet each succeed admirably in picturing the quiet restfulness of the scene. Not a single effect upon the audience might be lost. Why? Because some people by reason of difference in temperament and habit read and speak more slowly or more rapidly than others. No rule should prohibit them from doing so or attempt to make them conform to a single and absolute standard of time, *provided* they observe the proper *variations* in rate and quantity which are necessary to reveal the picture in all its details, or to bring out the thought in all its relations. Relatively to a fixed and uniform standard they might at times be reading or speaking too fast; but relatively to what constitutes a rate normal with themselves, they may be in perfect compliance with what is

necessary for proper effects. This latitude insures that variety of expression which is so desirable and essential in any art.

This further fact requires emphasis here, namely, that any rate is by no means permissible or defensible, regardless of the character of the thought or emotion, simply upon a basis of temperament and habit. He who normally and habitually speaks rapidly must read the above stanza slowly compared with his normal rate, though what is a slow rate with him may be somewhat faster than another's whose normal rate is inclined to be slow. And again, under no circumstance should a speaker utter his words more rapidly than good articulation permits in his case; nor should the habit of slow speech be tolerated to the extreme of monotony.

No further classifications of rate or time will be given here than fast, medium, and slow; and let it be understood that even these are relative, not absolute.

Expressional Significance. Time is a musical property of speech in that it has an expressional significance all its own. Thus mere slowness in time in speaking, reading, or music, is suggestive of solemnity, sadness, weariness, seriousness, thoughtfulness, controlled intensity, and other emotional states and conditions of a similar nature. Its fundamental suggestion is *gravity*. Read the following selections slowly, not with a mechanical slowness that is suggestive of conscious effort; but with a slowness and stateliness that is the outgrowth of a deep appreciation of the thought, feeling, or purpose of the piece, and is inseparable from it. The order always is, first, the feeling, genuine and sincere; then, its technique of expression by time and other vocal and physical means.

1. "Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead, and darkness how profound;
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds.
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause—
An awful pause—prophetic of her end."

—Young.

2. "O God! this is an holy hour;
Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand—
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, everywhere,
In every dew-bead's glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,
And in this silence grand and deep
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep."

—Wm. Motherwell.

3. "And even when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway;
But when the moon was very low,
And the wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'
All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,

He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.' "

—Tennyson.

4. "Go out beneath the orchard heavens at night and say, if you can, 'There is no God.' Pronounce that dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach the unbroken darkness of your intellect; every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and folly."

"Is there no God? Who then unrolled the blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of islands and of main? Who settled the foundations of the mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned, amid the clamor of storms, the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings which flash in their gloom?"

"There is a God. All nature declares it in a language too plain to be misapprehended. The great truth is too legibly written over the whole face of creation to be easily mistaken. Thou canst behold it in the tender blade of early spring or in the sturdy oak of fourscore winters. The purling rivulet, meandering through downy meads and verdant glens, and Niagara's rushing torrent unite in proclaiming, 'There is a God.' "

—Kidd.

Medium time or movement is suggestive of that which is normal, usual, commonplace, agreeable, and cheerful in conversation or public speaking. A few illustrations will suffice.

5. "The sunshine of life is made up of few beams that are bright all the time."

"Men of genius are often dull in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone." "How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy. In youth, we are looking for things that are to come; in old age, we look backward to things that are past."

"Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil, that being the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser."

—Longfellow.

6. "Everybody can detect an error but not a lie."

"We do not possess what we do not understand."

"We are only really alive when we enjoy the good will of others."

"A great mistake—to rate one's self too high or hold one's self too cheap."

—Goethe.

Fast time in reading or speaking is suggestive of excitement, triviality, mirth, gayety, some forms of intensity, eagerness, and the like; and descriptively, suggests rapid action. Practice the following selections in moderate time until articulation is mastered; then increase the rate to a degree appropriate to the sentiment or thought of the piece.

7. "I don't know what to do," cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocöon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry

Christmas to everybody! Halloo here! New Year to all the world! Halloo here! Whoop! Halloo! I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Halloo! Whoop, Halloo, there!"

—Dickens.

8. "Down the dimpled greensward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy;
Bud-lipped boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levee!
Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer! How they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.
Tipsy bands of rubious faces,
Flushed with joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it."

—Geo. Darley.

9. "Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands;
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words,
Fight! Let me hear thy hateful words no more;
Thou art not in Afrasiab's garden now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont
to dance,
But on the Oxus sands, and the dance of battle,
And with me, who make no play of war.
I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! All the pity I had is gone,
Because thou hast shamed me before both the
hosts
With thy light skipping kicks, and thy girls'
wiles."

—Arnold.

10. "The ideal character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius, but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-

hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen,—a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion, and a cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him. * * * The typical Dutchman is an honest man, and that's the noblest work of God. Physically he may be more or less round; but morally he must be square. And surely in this age of sham, when there is so much plated ware that passes itself off for solid silver, and so much work done at half measure and charged at full price, so many doctors who buy diplomas, and lawyers whose names should be Necessity, because they know no law, and preachers who insist on keeping in their creeds doctrines they do not profess to believe—surely in this age, in which skyrockets are so plentiful and well-seasoned firewood is so scarce, the man who is most needed is not the genius, the discoverer, the sayer of new things, but simply the honest man, who speaks the truth, pays his debts, does his work thoroughly, and is satisfied with what he has earned."

"The typical Dutchman is a free man. Liberty is his passion and has been since the days of Leyden and Alkmaar. It runs in the blood. A descendant of the old Batavian who fought against Rome is bound to be free at any cost; he hates tyranny in any form.

"I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand—or lower."

This is the spirit of the typical Dutchman. Never has it been more needed than to-day; to guard our land against

the oppression of the plutocrat on the one hand, and the demagogue on the other; to prevent a government of the parties by the bosses for the spoils; and to preserve a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

—From a speech by Henry Van Dyke.

11. "Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone. The start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell mel—helter Skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them, first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the colt neck-and-neck, half a mile to run—at last the colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now for the first time I gave Blueskin his head. Ha, ha! Away he went like a thunderbolt,—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch, walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair."

—Selected.

Grouping. Grouping may be defined as the division of a sentence into its thought units by means of pauses. By thought unit is meant a single word, or collection of words which are necessarily taken together in order to form a single idea. A thought unit is not necessarily a combination of words, including subject and predicate, and making complete thought in a grammatical sense. As already indicated, it may consist of a single word or phrase; but in either case an idea is presented, as in this sentence:

The wind—which was blowing fiercely—in our direction—raised such a cloud—of dust—that we could not see—our way.

The dashes separate the sentence into its thought units and have little or nothing in common with punctuation. It will be found, on reading the sentence, that the tendency is to pause at the dashes. These are grouping pauses and in the main are very short, being often only suggestive of pausing. Their length will be governed by the relative nearness or remoteness of the grammatical elements of a sentence, and there is nothing absolute about their duration.

Ordinarily it would seem that this process of grouping the thought units of a sentence is so natural and so common to all that it should require but little attention. This is true when the reader has no difficulty in recognizing the printed word promptly and catching at a glance its proper relation to the other words of the sentence, or when the speaker is “full of his subject” and has a good vocabulary at his command; but unfortunately readers and speakers are not commonly so qualified, and in both cases a study of grouping becomes all the more necessary. By the perversity of fate, when a reader or speaker does hesitate or “stumble,” it is nearly always in the midst of a thought unit instead of between them. This has the effect of presenting to the listeners not units, but fractions of thought, and detracts not only from proper effects, but diminishes the pleasure of listening. To illustrate this effect read the following lines, which have been incorrectly divided into groups:

“At your—age sir home—fortune friends—a dear girl’s—love but I—took to drink the same—old story you know—how it ends. If you—could have seen these classic—fea-

tures you needn't laugh—sir they were not—then such a burning—libel on God's—creatures I was—one of your handsome men."

Now read the same lines properly grouped as indicated by the dashes, and note the difference in clearness and effect:

"At your age—sir—home—fortune—friends—a dear girl's love—but I took to drink—the same old story—you know—how it ends. If you could have seen these classic features—you needn't laugh—sir—they were not then—such a burning libel—on God's creatures—I was one of your handsome men."

Punctuation marks have been purposely omitted to show that the process of grouping is independent of punctuation. Indeed, the latter depends upon the former.

Study the above lines in their correct grouping, and note that the contents of each group are indivisible; that if separated the thought is broken, the picture is imperfect. The second, third, fourth and fifth groups are each composed of one word; no others are needed to complete the thought unit,—the idea; in the eleventh group, however, it will be noted that eight words are necessary to complete the thought unit, and that no pauses are made between any of them. Begin with the first word of this group and ask yourself the question, "Do I get a complete idea with this word?" Then go on to the next word, and so on, repeating the question with each word. It will be found that after each word the question naturally comes, "What next?" More is expected until the word "features" is read; with this the thought unit is complete. Something like the above analysis takes place in the mind unconsciously and swiftly as one reads or speaks, provided, as has been said, there

is mechanical ease and a good vocabulary on the part of the reader or speaker.

At this point several selections taken at random from the text should be made the subject for study and analysis into thought units, until the process of grouping by means of pauses becomes a familiar one, and until there is proper appreciation of its importance in relation to clearness.

Pauses. In this place it may be well to pay some attention also to other kinds of pausing in reading and speaking. Three kinds of pause are usually recognized: the grammatical, the rhetorical, and the prosodial. The first is related to punctuation and is used to divide a sentence into its component grammatical elements. The second is independent of, though sometimes coincident with punctuation. Its purpose is to intensify the effect as in this sentence: "It is—the cannon's deadly roar!" The third is one used in poetry and may be subdivided into verse, metric, and cæsural pauses. Verse pause occurs at the end of each line in poetry, the metric between feet, and the cæsural in the middle of a long line.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Point out the analogy between music and speaking as to time.

2. What is the meaning of quantity as applied to speaking?

3. Show that hesitating is a fault of time in speaking.

4. What is the remedy?

5. Do you make any distinction between the terms time, rate, movement as used in the text? Is the distinction important? Consult other texts.

6. Which do you regard as more important, the subject-

matter of speech, or the manner of its delivery? Think again.

7. Is there anything like an absolute standard of time in reading or speaking? Explain.

8. What caution is given with regard to the latitude permissible to a speaker because of temperament and habit? Discuss fully.

9. Explain and illustrate by selections of your own choosing what is meant by the expressional significance of time.

10. What is grouping, and why important?

11. Outline, define and illustrate the various kinds of pause.

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CHAPTER V

INFLECTION

Its Function. Inflection is the vocal means of expressing relations of thought. These are always relations of completeness or incompleteness, of contrast or comparison. As the etymology of the word indicates, inflection means the bending upward or downward of the voice to show these relations. It differs from pitch in that the latter refers only to the highness or lowness of a tone in a straight line, as it were, while inflection refers to the bending of the tone away from that line in upward or downward curves.

The whole process of inflection is instinctive rather than rational, natural rather than artificial. It is, moreover, for the most part closely associated with feeling. We may find illustrations of this fact even in the animal world. The dog expresses impatient desire, eagerness, and anxiety with a series of whines in a high pitch, each of which has a perceptible upward inflection. The contention is not, of course, that he thinks or that he does this with conscious intent, but, as said before, that it is his instinctive method of expressing desire, purpose or emotional state. The cat, calling to her mate or her young in a series of musical trills, ends each call with a distinct upward inflection. She does this instinctively to express desire in the form of appeal. So also with children. Who has not heard Johnny say to his mamma, "Yes, I want to go—," giving the "go" a prolonged upward inflection in unconscious appeal? And who

has not heard the same Johnny also say, "Yes, I want to go!" giving to the "go" in this case a sharp, short curve downward, in token of finality and definiteness of purpose? Whenever the desire, purpose, or emotion in relation to someone or something else is a matter of personal consciousness, there is not likely to be any error in the choice of the proper inflection to express it, but when the desire, purpose or emotion is that of another, and must be gleaned from the printed page, then mistakes of inflection are the rule rather than the exception, unless the whole philosophy of inflection is well understood.

Some treatises give a multiplicity of rules to govern inflection, such as, "Let the voice rise at the end of a direct question." "Let the voice fall at the end of a thought"—or worse still, "at every period"; "In antithetical clauses containing a negative the inflection should be rising"; and so on in varying number. Such rules, besides being subject to numerous exceptions, are, by their very multiplicity, confusing rather than helpful. The whole process of inflection may be reduced to these two rules or principles:

(1) Rising inflection expresses a relation of incompleteness of thought or purpose to something expressed or understood that is to follow.

(2) Falling inflection expresses a relation, either of momentary or final completeness of thought or purpose to things that follow.

The following sentences are analyzed for the purpose of illustrating these rules:

Having finished my work, I went out to play. This sentence consists of two parts logically and grammatically, of which "Having finished my work," is the subordinate part; and, "I went out to play," is the principal part. The first

part clearly stands in a relation of incompleteness to the second part; or, in other words, my going out to play is (logically) dependent upon finishing my work. Suppose the first part only were written on the blackboard. In reading it, could one not expect something more to follow? And would not this expectancy be indicative of a relation of incompleteness between this first part and something still to follow? Such relation therefore is expressed by a rising inflection on "work."

Again—

One summer afternoon, rather late in the day that had been unusually sultry, and while sitting at my desk in laborious effort to complete a manuscript which was overdue at the printer's, I was startled by a sudden loud knocking at the door as if by someone in great haste or impatience.

In the above sentence, instead of one subordinate proposition we have a series of them. As one reads each of these, he cannot escape the impression of incompleteness which attaches to the phrases and clauses ending with the words "afternoon," "day," "sultry," "manuscript," and "printer's" and they are given therefore with a rising inflection to express the relation of incompleteness to that which follows. At the word "door" one might well give a falling inflection to express the relation of finality or completeness so far as the sentence up to that point is concerned, but upon reading the remaining words one sees that what follows is logically related to "sudden and loud knocking," and the voice indicates this relation by a rising inflection on "door."

It would be a mistake to conclude from the above discussions that subordinate clauses in all cases should be followed by a rising inflection. This may be seen from the following:

You, having received instruction at the expense of the State, and having enjoyed here such favorable conditions for moral as well as mental growth, may rightly be expected to become leaders, and to serve as examples of industry and good citizenship.

The above sentence *may* of course be spoken with a rising inflection at "state" and "growth," likewise at "you" and at "leaders"; but would it not weaken it to do so? The clauses, "having received instruction at the expense of the state"; and "having enjoyed here such favorable conditions for moral as well as mental growth," are indeed subordinate grammatically, but this fact constitutes no uniform and safe basis for determining inflections. These must be based rather upon the purpose of the speaker which is in this case evidently to impress a duty upon his hearers who perhaps are members of a graduating class which he is addressing. Downward inflections at the above named words give to each clause proper emphasis by placing it for the time being in the relation of virtual completeness to all of the others, and by giving it prominence and individuality.

This is often the case of single words and phrases, as in the following sentence:

" 'Tis not enough the *voice* be sound and clear,
'Tis *modulation* 'that must charm the ear';
That voice all modes of passion can express
Which marks the proper *word* and proper *stress*,
But none *emphatic* can that speaker call
Who lays an *equal* emphasis on *all*."

Here the words "voice," "modulation," "words," "emphatic," "equal," and "all" are the assertive words, that is, they are freighted with more meaning relatively than the others. They are pivotal, and each has sufficient, separate

force to cause the hearer's mind to dwell upon it for the time being. The speaker can and does reveal this by giving them with falling inflections.

As a further illustration of these two rules, take the sentence:

Common humanity bids you to be kind to this horse.

Observe how the rule, "Let your voice fall at a period," would work in some cases. As the sentence stands it appears that the falling inflection at "horse" would certainly be the correct one. It is, if the speaker's purpose is one of mere statement or command, but if he wishes to make it an appeal, he must use the rising inflection. Why? Certainly it is not because of the sentence structure, but because he places the sentence in the relation of logical incompleteness to something which is left unsaid or understood, as "Don't you think so?" or "Now, will you not?"

The same change of inflection occurs in direct questions when there is an evident change in the purpose or emotion of the speaker. For instance, in the question, "May I go?" the rising inflection is used not because it is a question, but because the sentence is placed by the purpose of the speaker in a relation of incompleteness to the answer which is anticipated or understood. If now we will suppose that he receives no answer, and therefore repeats the question, it is possible or even probable that he will give it with a falling inflection. Why? Because it is now his purpose to give it the effect of a command, that is, "Let me go," or merely to emphasize it so that the person spoken to may hear. In this case it changes its relation of incompleteness.

In doubt, hesitation, or uncertainty the inflection upward is very slight, it is rather a suspension of the voice in perfect sympathy with the mental state described. When one hesi-

tates or doubts he sees neither the end nor even the next step in the process of logical analysis, or of any condition whatever. Manifestly he cannot use a pronounced rising inflection, for this would express a relation of incompleteness to something definitely known or expected, and would destroy the suggestion of doubt. To illustrate:

It was Thursday or Friday when we arrived, but——

I would consider him superior, if——

Let me see, was it yesterday, or Monday, or——

“When I consider how my light is spent—
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged in me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my maker and present
My true account, lest he, returning chide—
Doth God exact day labor, light denied?”

—Milton.

Combined Relations. In the preceding section, only simple relations of completeness or incompleteness of thought have been considered. When these simple relations are combined, they find expression by a combination of inflections known as falling circumflex, rising circumflex, and wave, i. e., one falling and two rising inflections. These relations by reason of their complex nature are more difficult to recognize in printed thought than are simple relations, and in order to use the right circumflex, one must understand the thought thoroughly in all its relations, whether expressed or implied. For convenience of illustration certain symbols are used to designate these inflections, thus:

^ , means falling circumflex; v , rising circumflex; and
w or ~ , the wave. These are sometimes also called slides, and may extend over several words or over one only.

This extent is determined by the pivotal word or words which express the relations in question. Thus,

(1) My opinion is unchanged.

(2) My opinion is unchanged, not alone in the one case, but also in the other.

In the first sentence, "my" may be the pivotal word about which the thought and purpose of the sentence center. The speaker not only wishes to call attention to the fact of his unchanged opinion, but also to emphasize and point out the further fact that it is held in comparison or contrast to the opinion of some one else. Here we have a double relation of completeness and of incompleteness in combination, with the circumflex on "my" as a vocal means of expressing them. Fully elaborated, and expressed by simple inflections, the sentence would read, "Regardless of your opinion, mine is unchanged." *Contrast or comparison with assertion requires the falling circumflex.*

In the second sentence above, the circumflex is placed on "opinion." This does not alter the fact of an *unchanged* opinion, but it does change the implied comparison of persons, and substitutes for this a comparison with some implied motive, purpose, or action on the part of the speaker. Amplified it might be as follows: "Still holding this opinion, I shall nevertheless do as you say," The second part of the same sentence shows a distributed falling circumflex over the phrases which contrast the two cases.

In the case of a rising circumflex, the conditions are the same, only in reverse order. This combination of the falling with the rising inflection reveals assertion and incompleteness as illustrated in these sentences:

(1) You are not afraid.

(2) Are you not pleased at this?

If in the first sentence the speaker's purpose is simply to state the fact that you are not afraid, he ends the sentence with a simple falling inflection, but if he wishes to add the effect of an implied question without changing his words, he reveals this implied relation of incompleteness to whatever the answer might be by simply adding a rising inflection as indicated.

In the second sentence there is likewise a double relation, one of completeness, and one of incompleteness. As it stands, it is a simple question, and calls for the rising inflection. If now the speaker wishes to add an effect that would be equivalent to the statement, "I am surprised you are not pleased at this," he will add the falling inflection as indicated. The sentence as it stands is equivalent to two things: One, an expressed question calling for the rising inflection; the other, an implied statement of fact calling for the falling inflection. Both of these are simply united and distributed over the pivotal phrase, "pleased at this?" *Assertion with incompleteness requires the rising circumflex.*

The third circumflex or wave may also be illustrated by using the first sentence given above. It would then be indicated like this: "You are not afraid."

In this case we have three relations combined, one expressed, and two implied, and they are shown by three simple inflections combined into one and placed on the pivotal word "afraid." If the three thoughts contained in this sentence were to be expressed separately and each with a simple inflection, they might be put into words as follows:

1. You are not afraid.
2. Are you?
3. Or are you tired?

Now let us see what the purpose of the speaker is in

each case. In (1) he makes the statement that you are not afraid. This alone, and taken not in any relation of incompleteness to something else expressed or implied would require the falling inflection, and hence he gives it, but in (2) he wishes to be confirmed in this statement and therefore implies the question given. This places the implied question in a relation of incompleteness to its expected answer, and therefore must be given with a rising inflection. We have now accounted for two of the three inflections in the wave. The other rising inflection indicated in (3) implies a contrast between fear and possibly fatigue, or something else that prevents the person addressed from doing a certain thing. To express this the speaker uses a second rising inflection. We have now accounted for all three of them and shown how they express the speaker's purpose. Summing up we may say that, *comparison or contrast with assertion and incompleteness require the wave.*

If the student will study the two principles of inflection given in this chapter, to which all so-called rules for inflection may be reduced, he need have no difficulty in determining the proper inflection to be used in any case. It is well worth the time and effort necessary to do this, for no one means of vocal expression so promptly discloses the speaker's grasp of a thought in all its relations as do his inflections. This is especially true in all cases where one or two meanings are implied in addition to the one which finds expression in words. These implied meanings depend wholly upon proper circumflexes for their expression, and when these are omitted or erroneously given, part of the thought is lost.

Study the following selections with due regard to physical expression, articulation, time and especially inflection.

They should be read before the class, and one or more of them should be committed to memory and spoken as a platform exercise. Mark the inflections.

1. "And if thou saidst that I'm not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Highland or lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
2. "I had a dream which was not all a dream,
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.

Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this, their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light."

"The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting in the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge;
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them, she was the universe."

—Byron's Dream of Darkness.

3. Macbeth: "I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."
- Lady Macbeth: "What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man,

And to more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;
 They have made themselves, and that their
 fitness now
 Does unmake you."

—Shakespeare.

4. "At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
 Of ancient date, but scant renown.
 One of those little places that have run
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
 And then sat down to rest as if to say,
 'I climb no further upward, come what may,
 The Re Giovani, now unknown to fame—
 So many monarchs since have borne the name—
 Had a great bell hung in the market place.

—Selected.

5.

ALCOHOL

Alcohol cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery, crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incen-

diary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the paricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors statesmen, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unsatiated havoc. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputations and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that, and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

6. "Who achieved the freedom and independence of this, our own country? Washington effected much in the field, but where were the Franklins, the Adamses, the Hancocks, the Jeffersons, and the Lees—that band of sages and patriots whom we revere? They were assembled in council. The heart of the revolution beat in Congress. There was the power which, beginning with appeals to the King and to the British nation, at length made an irresistible appeal to the world, and consummated the Revolution by the Declaration of Independence, which Washington established with their

authority, and, bearing their commission, supported by arms. And what has this band of sages, and of patriots, given to us? Not what Cæsar gave to Rome; not what Cromwell gave to England; or Napoleon to France; they established for us the great principles of civil, religious, and political liberty upon the strong foundations on which they have hitherto stood. There may have been military capacity in congress, but can any one deny that it was to the wisdom of sages, Washington being one, we are indebted for the signal blessings we enjoy.”—Sergeant.

7. “My brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla’s words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No; you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives which in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.”

“They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene’er they move in anger, desolation marks their progress! Whene’er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.”

“They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them.”

“They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved for the desperate chance of something better

which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave forefathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of amity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and least of all such change as they would bring us."

—Knowles: Rolla's Speech to the Peruvians.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. How does inflection differ from pitch?
2. What relations are shown by inflection?
3. State the two fundamental principles of inflection as given in this chapter.
4. Make a collection of rules for inflection from other texts and show how all may be reduced to these two fundamentals.
5. Bring to class five sentences to illustrate rising inflection; five to illustrate falling inflection, and ten to illustrate the use of the circumflex and wave.
6. Show that pitch, inflection, time, and emphasis though studied separately, are closely related—in fact, inseparable—as means of vocal expression. Show their interdependence—how each re-enforces the other.

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CHAPTER VI

tone qualities

Cause and Effect. That there is an intimate relation between tone and muscular tension is suggested by the etymology of the word itself. It is taken from the root of a Greek verb which means, to stretch, or to strain. We find it associated in this way with muscular condition. When we speak of "toning-up the system" by taking "tonics," the implied reference is to the texture of the muscles in a state of health or debility. They are relaxed or flabby in ill health, but tense and vibrant ("stretched") in a healthy state. "I spoke to him about it in no uncertain tones," is suggestive, not so much of the thing said, as of the speaker's manner of saying it, that is, his state of muscular tension. Moreover, it is quite likely that the person addressed in this case, received his impression of the speaker's purpose quite as much by the sense of sight as of sound. This relation between muscular condition and tone and quality is one of cause and effect, or in other words, the condition and action of the muscles modify the sounds which are produced by the vibration of the vocal cords, and give to these sounds a distinct and recognizable individuality which we call tone-quality.

Classification of Tone Qualities. These tones may be divided into six classes: pure, orotund (expanded pure), aspirate, pectoral, tense, and tremulous. Writers on this subject differ somewhat in the terminology used and the number of classes given. Thus a certain degree of aspirate

quality is called the oral tone, and a variation of the tense tone is called the guttural. Some also distinguish a nasal tone. There can be no objection to this if it does not result in confusion, but here as everywhere, simplicity and brevity are always preferable. Indeed it were possible to reduce the number of fundamental tones to the first three given and to consider the others merely variations of these.

Before discussing in detail these six qualities, it is desirable to emphasize the fact that emotion must precede tone if the latter is to be genuine. It is possible to manufacture a fairly good counterfeit of any one of the tone-qualities above mentioned, without having the feeling which the tone symbolizes, but that is hitching the cart before the horse, and we might well add, equally as noticeable and ineffective. Genuine feeling will always find expression physically by the right action, and vocally by the right tone quality; and just as feeling comes first in point of order, so the physical precedes the vocal expression. This may be noticed in anyone who is about to speak angrily. Do not the stiffened muscles, the tense lines of the face, and the flashing eye precede, if only by a moment, the angry word? Can not one as a rule foretell the kind of tone that will follow a certain condition of the muscles? It is because of this natural precedence of the physical over the vocal means of expression that the former is treated first in this text.

Pure Tone and Normal Feeling. A pure tone, as the word suggests, is one that is least mixed with unvocalized breath, least modified by muscular contraction, and one whose resonance is in the fore part of the mouth. It is the most commonly used, and is least fatiguing to the speaker,

and most agreeable to the audience. It is the vocal means of expressing **Normal** feeling, and may be called its symbol.

Normal feeling includes that which suggests comfort, tranquility, poise, good cheer, and all that is usual and commonplace in thought and emotion.

Read the following selections before the class as illustrations of this feeling and its vocal symbol:

1. "Words are, as Wordsworth has happily said, 'the incarnation of thought.' Indeed, words, in themselves, are nothing more than 'mouthfuls of spoken wind,' the sons and daughters of the lungs and tongue. They are hardened into consistency by a process of pens, ink and paper. In this state they take form, but naturally they are immaterial substances, like thoughts. The sculptor embodies an idea in marble, and we distinguish between the essence and the form. Why should we not also distinguish between a word printed or written, and a word spoken or conceived, between the body and the soul of an expulsion of air? Words in truth are entities, real existences, immortal beings, and, though I would not go the whole length of Haslitt, in saying that they are the only things that live forever, I would indicate their title to a claim in the eternities of the world, and defend them from the cavils of presumption and ignorance. . . . "

"Leaving, however, these lofty notions of words, and coming down to the everyday world of books and men, . . . (we find) the most fluent men to be the most influential. All classes seem to depend upon words. Principles of corruption, inconsistency, and of loving number one are nothing compared with speech. A politician is accused more than number ten thousand. Straightway he floods the country with words, and is honorably acquitted. A

gentleman of far-reaching and purse-reaching intelligence concocts twenty millions of pills, and "works" them off to agents, and in the end, transfers the whole from his laboratory to the stomachs of an injured and oppressed people by means of words. An author wishes to be sublime, but has no fire in him to give sparkle and heat to his compositions. His ideas are milk-and-water logged, feeble, commonplace, nerveless, witless, and soulless, or his thoughts are ballasted with lead instead of being winged with inspiration. 'What shall I do?' he cries in the most plaintive words of aspiring stupidity. Poor poetaster! do not despair! take to thy dictionary, drench thy thin blood with gin, learn the power of words. Such is the omnipotence of words! They can exalt the little; they can depress the high; a ponderous polysyllable will break the chain of an argument, or crack the pate of a thought, as a mace or a battleax could split the crown of a soldier in the elder time."

—Whipple.

2. "Thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty. Therefore, as a man must breath and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty first of all, and, as the American scholar is a man, and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, but when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done."

—Geo. W. Curtis.

3. The ambiguity of words and the ludicrous effect of misplaced phrases and clauses are a common occurrence in newspapers and in daily conversation. The proprietor of a bone mill once advertised that persons sending him their own bones would have them promptly and thoroughly ground at bottom prices. Not less inviting was the announcement on another page which ran something like this: "For sale, a fine bull dog, will eat anything, very fond of children." Read also without a smile, if you can, the announcement that a brindle cow has been lost by an old woman with brass knobs on her horns; or this bit of "sad" news: "A child was run over this afternoon by a run-away horse wearing a red dress which never spoke afterwards." Another one giving the account of a shipwreck says that all passengers were lost except Bill Jones, who owned half the cargo, and the Captain's wife. An advertisement to the effect that "a respectable widow wants washing" might be interpreted to her disadvantage, and likewise the solemn announcement by a minister in the course of his sermon, "Many years ago I rode over these prairies with my dear wife who has long since gone to heaven in a buggy," might be criticised for its levity or even irreverence. And finally, the joke must be charged to the expense of John who asked "Where?" when his friend announced that Fred got shot this morning. "He bought it at Horseman's hardware store," was the response.

—J. E. K.

Orotund Tone, Elevated Feeling. This tone is also very properly called the expanded pure tone, for it resembles it in all but one particular, namely, the resonance is in the chest more than in the fore part of the mouth. It is a full,

round tone, deeply vibrant, and results from noble, grand, sublime, deeply serious and earnest feelings. These feelings are not ordinary and commonplace, they lift the speaker to a higher plane of thought and emotion, and, reacting upon the muscles which control speech and tone, give to his voice the quality called *orotund*. It is a symbol of elevated feeling.

In the extract from Ingersoll's Memorial Day address which follows, note the nobility of patriotic devotion described, the grandure of military march and battle, the sublimity of ideals, and the deeply serious and earnest purpose of the speaker. Catch the spirit, imagine the scenes, abandon yourself to the full influence of his eloquence, and then read:

4. "The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boistrous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring, with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive

from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part; we see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever!

We see them as they all march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory—to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their sides on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by the balls and torn with shells in the trenches by the forts, and in the whirlwind of a charge, when men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash, we see them bound hand and foot, we hear the stroke of the cruel whips, we see the hounds tracking women through tangled

swamps. We see babies sold from the breasts of mother
Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million human bodies in chains, four million souls
in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father
and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And
all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the
free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of
the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes
died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women
and children. The wand of progress touches the auction
block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes
and firesides, and schoolhouses, and books, and where a
man was wanted, and crime, and cruelty, and fetters, we see the
faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they die
for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they
made free, under the flag they rendered stainless; under the
solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and
the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadow
of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine and of storm; each
in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with
other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle
in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death.
I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—
cheers for the living and tears for the dead.”

—Ingersoll.

“O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight—
Thou only God—there is no God beside;
Being above all beings, Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,

Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

“In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God, for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

“Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious, great,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

“Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath.
Thou the beginning with the end has bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds sprung forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

“A million torches lighted in Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Pyres of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these are as the moon to night.

“Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven’s unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity. What am I then? Naught!

“Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught, but I live, and on hope’s pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence, for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

“The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter’s last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity.
I can command the lightning, and am dust;
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god.
Whence came I here, and how, so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown, this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For from itself alone it could not be!

“Creator? Yes. Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good;
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord,
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

“O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence—being wise and good,
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.”

—Derzhaven.

Aspirate Tone and Suppressed Feeling. This tone in its extreme form is really no tone at all, it is unvocalized breath, but it is classed as a distinct tone because of this peculiarity, and because, in its several variations, it differs from the others. When the tone is pure in quality but mixed with considerable unvocalized breath, it is by some called the oral tone, and is suggestive of faintness, physical exhaustion, weariness, and similar conditions. When it is almost wholly aspirate but made sharp and hissing, it is by others called the tense tone, and in this form suggests great intensity of feeling. All of these, for the sake of brevity and practical purposes, may be considered as merely variations of the aspirate quality. It grows out of, and therefore suggests, secrecy, fear, weariness, solemnity, hush, and some forms of intensity. The symbol of suppressed feeling, then, is aspirate quality.

Read the following selections with the proper variations in degree of aspiration:

6. “Those evening bells—those evening bells—
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

“Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

“And so ’twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing thy praise, sweet evening bells.”

—Moore.

7. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall this day’s hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What can not you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

—Shakespeare’s Macbeth.

8. Lady Macbeth: “Alack! I am fraid they have awak’d,
And ’tis not done. The attempt, and not
the deed,
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their dag-
gers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not re-
sembled
My father as he slept, I had done it. My
husband?”

Macbeth: “I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear
a noise?”

Lady Macbeth: “I heard the owl scream. and the crickets
cry.

Did you not speak.”

Macbeth: “When?”

Lady Macbeth: “Now.”

Macbeth: “As I descended?”

Lady Macbeth: “Ay.”

Macbeth: “Hark! Who lies i’ th’ second chamber?”

Lady Macbeth: “Donalbain.”

Macbeth: “This is a sorry sight!” (Looks at his hands)

Lady Macbeth: “A foolish thot to say a sorry sight.”

Macbeth: “There’s one did laugh in’s sleep,

And one cried 'Murder!' that they did wake
each other;
I stood and heard them, but they did say
their prayers,
And addressed them again to sleep.''
—Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;

For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the hard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the greater minster transept,
When lights like glory fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word,
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave?

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, Oh wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;

And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God!

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—C. F. Alexander.

Pectoral Tone, Oppressed Feeling. This is sometimes called descriptively the "smothered tone," because the sound is not emitted by the vocal organs in a round, full, clear tone as in the case of the orotund or pure. The sound is muffled in the throat and the resonance, to the degree of its presence, is downward into the throat as in the orotund. There is also some similarity to the aspirate in that the breath in its passage from the lungs is not wholly vocalized by the vocal chords. We have, then, in the pectoral tone, some of the qualities of the orotund and aspirate in combination.

This tone results from, and is therefore suggestive of, introspective meditation, awe, wonder, reverence, and like emotions. The characteristic difference between oppressed and suppressed feeling should not escape the student's attention. The former is subjective in character, while the latter is objective, or in other words, the speaker has no conscious purpose of reaching his audience—he is speaking before it, not to it, his emotion, as it were, turning in upon himself; but in suppressed feeling he does aim to

reach his audience—to make his hearers feel as he feels. This contrast of feeling and purpose is briefly illustrated in these two sentences:

O, Thou eternal God, be merciful. (Oppressed-subjective.)

Hush! be quiet, and walk softly. (Suppressed-objective.)

The vocal symbol of the oppressed feeling, then, is pectoral quality. As far as possible, try to generate the proper feeling of meditation, awe, wonder, or reverence as you read the following selections in a pectoral tone:

10. “It must be by his death; yet, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned;
How might that change his nature, there’s the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And *that* craves wary walking. Crown him?—that—
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.”

—Soliloquy of Brutus.

11. (The ghost of Xanthippus to Regulus)

“ . . . When suddenly there stood by me the ghost of Xanthippus; and with a voice as low (pectoral) as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: ‘Roman, I come to bid thee curse with thy dying breath this fated city. Know that, in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me; and then they thought to stain my brightest honor. For this foul deed the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them, now and forever.’”

—Kellogg’s Speech of Regulus.

12. "In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth on men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake;
Then a spirit passed before my face;
The hair of my flesh stood up."

—Job, iv., 13-15.

13. "I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon a fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF ISAIAH

14. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Tense Tone, Stern Feeling. As already pointed out, some of the tones classified in this chapter are not fundamentally distinct, the tense tone being one of these. Fundamentally it may be pure, orotund, or aspirate; and when these are further modified by a hard, rigid condition of the muscles, tense tone results. This tone grows out of any emotion which stiffens the muscles. In fact it cannot be produced even mechanically without this preliminary tension of the muscles. This is easily demonstrated by attempting to say even one word, as "no!" in a harsh manner while the muscles of the body are relaxed. It may not be out of place to state that, conversely, the same word or any number of words, cannot be spoken in an

aspirate quality expressive of weariness or exhaustion, while the muscles are in a rigid state. The emotions out of which stern feeling grows are such as, harshness, severity, cruelty, controlled anger, hatred, etc. The vocal symbol of this feeling is tense tone.

Study and read these selections:

15. "Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be both severe and parliamentary. On any other occasion, I should think myself justified in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member, but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, "Why not traitor, unqualified by any epithet?" I will tell him. It was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward who raises his arm to strike but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councilor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, by the uttering of language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow! . . . But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether

he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my deserts. I have returned to protect that constitution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt; they are seditious; and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel as false as it is malicious. Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the government! I defy their whole phalanx! . . . let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give quarter nor take it! I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.”

—Henry Grattan.

16. “O hardened offspring of an iron race!
 What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say?
 What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface
 Murder’s dark spot, wash treason’s stain away!
 For the foul ravisher, how shall I pray,
 Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast?
 How hope almighty vengeance shall delay,
 Unless, in mercy to you Christian host,
 He spare the shepherd, lest the guileless sheep be lost.”
 —Scott.

17. “Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto, you have rated me
 About my money and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For patience is the badge of all my tribe.
You called me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to, then: you come to me and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys: you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"

—Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

18. Salarino: "Why, I'm sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?"

Shylock: "To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, heated mine enemies, cooled my friends; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we not laugh, if you poison us do we not die? and, if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? . . ."

—Shakespeare; Merchant of Venice.

Tremulous Tone, Agitated Feeling. What was said of the tense tone so far as its fundamental identity with the pure and orotund tones is concerned, applies also to the

tremulous tone. In reality it is only a pure or orotund tone made tremulous by the agitation of the body, which in turn is due to some feeling of merriment, pity, or grief. It would seem strange that such opposite feelings as merriment and grief should be classed under one head, and find vocal expression by the same tone-quality; but when we consider that both of these emotions may agitate the body and thus produce identical effects as far as tone is concerned, the accuracy of this classification becomes clear. The expressions, "convulsed with laughter," and "shaken by grief" are suggestive of similar physical action.

This tone can easily be produced by a mere shaking of the body or by alternately contracting and relaxing the muscles of the throat while at the same time trying to produce a pure or orotund tone. No speaker should deceive himself into believing that he can delude an audience by any such mechanical means. The attempt will always be a failure as it deserves to be, for a mechanical tremolo is always suggestive of affectation or fraud, neither of which are calculated to strengthen a speaker's hold on his audience. When a speaker's tone is delicately vibrant as a result of honest emotion sincerely felt, and when, in spite of his manifest efforts to control himself, his voice still has a slightly perceptible tremor, then the effect upon his audience is strong. Not overdone, nor sustained for too long a time, this tone has perhaps greater power "to move" an audience than has any other. The tone symbol of agitated feeling, whether it be of joy or sorrow, merriment or grief, is tremulous quality.

Illustrative selections:

19. "Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;

When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

“There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

“The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright, green vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

“There’s a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There’s a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There’s a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun as he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he’ll smile thy gloom away.”

—Bryant.

20. King Lear: "You, Heavens, give me patience,—
patience I need!—

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughter's hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
And let not woman's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No! I'll not weep:
I have full cause for weeping; but this heart
Of mine shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep.—O, Fool, I shall go mad!"

—Shakespeare: King Lear.

21. King: "O, my offense is rank, it smells to Heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't—
 A brother's murder! Pray can I not:
 Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood:
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offense?
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force:
 To be forestall'd ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? *Forgive me my foul murder?*
 That can not be; since I am still possessed
 Of these effects for which I did the murder:
 My crown, my own ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardoned, and retain th' offense?"
- Shakespeare's Hamlet.

22. "Today I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the Pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it on the funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that

bleeding piece of clay! And the Pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans! And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs."

—Kellogg's Address of Spartacus.

23. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do

I have ventured,
Like wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new-opened; and oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is 'twixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

—Shakespeare's Wolsey.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Show how tone qualities are related to muscular texture and action.
2. Name and describe each of the six tone qualities outlined in this chapter.
3. Which precedes the other in point of time, tone or physical action?

4. Out of what emotions does normal feeling grow? Its vocal symbol is what?

5. Out of what emotions does elevated feeling grow? What is its vocal symbol?

6. Out of what emotions does suppressed feeling grow? What is its vocal symbol?

7. State what kinds of emotion are included under oppressed feeling, and distinguish between this and suppressed feeling.

8. What is the vocal symbol of suppressed feeling?

9. In what way do stern and agitated feelings differ from each other as to muscular texture? How do they resemble each other in tone production? What is the vocal symbol of each?

10. "In art no detail liveth to itself." Think this over carefully with reference to tone-qualities and the other means of expression, both physical and vocal, which thus far have been treated, and which are related to the art of public speaking. Make this a subject for extemporaneous speaking before the class.

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CHAPTER VII

FORCE

Terms Used. The terms force, emphasis, stress, and accent are sometimes used interchangeably without much reference to their distinction. They do have something in common, but there is sufficient difference between them to merit a brief discussion of each.

Force is broadly inclusive of them all, and for this reason is used as a heading for this chapter. It means the degree of energy a speaker uses in expressing himself. It is broad in its application, extending not so much to single words and sentences as to the whole subject matter. It goes without saying that the degree of force one may use in speaking varies greatly, and must be determined by the character of the thought or emotion, and the speaker's own limitations. A speaker should not only consider the character of the thought and emotion as a determinant of force, but he should know his own physical limitations, and never attempt to speak with a degree of force that will cause his voice to break or his features to show a distressing strain. Such vehemence will defeat its own purpose by tiring not only the speaker, but also his audience. Force is the symbol of volition, and is the speaker's chief reliance when he appeals to the will of his hearers. The correlation and interdependence of the several vocal means of expression which have been discussed under separate headings can not be emphasized too strongly or too often. Thus, force is expressive only when used in conjunction with the

right tone (emotion), the proper time, and the correct inflection and pitch. If, for instance, the wrong time or pitch were used, it would neutralize the effect of force even if used in proper degree. To illustrate this, read the following sentence with considerable force but in rapid time and high pitch:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!"

The effect is ludicrous. Manifestly, what is needed here is not only considerable force, but slow time and a pitch somewhat below medium. The ability to choose not only the right degree of force, the right time, pitch, inflection, tone, etc., but to use these in proper *combination*, marks the successful reader and the effective speaker. The student, while studying and practicing a selection with special reference to one vocal means, should not be unmindful of any of the others.

Emphasis is narrower in application than force. It may be defined as force which is applied to certain words or phrases. The same is true of stress, which practically is a synonymous term. The latter term will be used in connection with the various forms of volition as they are discussed in the following pages. The term accent may be defined as the very slight degree of force which is applied to certain syllables in the proper pronunciation of words.

Expressional Significance. Force, like time, is a musical property of speech in the sense that it has a meaning,—a suggestiveness, apart from the words to which it is an accompaniment. Crescendo or diminuendo in speaking as in music relates to volume of tone,—gradation of force, and carries a message which, if not so precisely legible in detail as spoken words, is nevertheless an appropriate and illuminating background for them. Who has not listened

to "songs without words" and yet caught from the swelling melody of sounds a meaning rich and rare? Who has not "been carried away" by the force of the spoken word while listening to a speaker who not only had a message, but who understood also the art of reaching the will through the emotions as well as through the intellect? Used with discretion, force gives life to the spoken word and adds to its effectiveness. As a vocal means of expression it is the symbol of volitional utterance.

Initial Stress, Abrupt Appeal. When a speaker appeals directly to the will, he speaks explosively, or, at least, expulsively; that is, he speaks the first part of a word, phrase, clause, or sentence with more force than he uses at the end of these. In other words, he uses initial stress, which, as the term indicates, masses the force at the beginning of his utterances and then diminishes more or less to the end. Graphically, it may be represented by this figure, \triangleright .

This form of stress is used under the following conditions:

1. In commands and decisive thought, as,

"Carry-arms. Present-arms. Forward-march. Halt."

"One, two, three; out goes he."

"Stop that noise; this instant!"

"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words!"

"Out of the way; stand back, every one of you."

"Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost;
Leave to Heaven in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

—Mrs. S. T. Bolton.

"One of the most melancholy productions of a morbid condition of life is the sniveler: a bi-ped that infests all classes of society, and prattles, from the catechism of despair, on all subjects of human concern. The spring of his mind is broken. A babyish, nerveless fear has driven the sentiment of hope from his soul. He cringes to every phantom of apprehension, and obeys the impulse of cowardice, as though they were the laws of existence. He is the very Jeremiah of conventionalism, and his life is one long and lazy lamentation. In connection with this maudlin brotherhood, his humble aim in life is to superadd the snivelization of society to its civilization. Of all bores he is the most intolerable and merciless."

—Whipple.

There is always an emotional accompaniment to every form of appeal, and it is quite important that this fact should be kept in mind by the student. In the preceding selection there is a close approach to stern feeling (tense tone), and the implied purpose of the speaker is to appeal to the will of the hearer in some sort of implied command as "Avoid being a sniveler." In the following selection normal feeling is present, and it should be read with an initial stress that is pleasantly decisive,—didactic, as some writers call it.

"Light is presented to us in ever-varying conditions, but it is always the same—there is a oneness in its essence after all. It is the same light that glistens on the wing of the firefly, and blazes on the ruddy hearth-stone, and sparkles on the jewels in the diadem, and flashes in beauty in the morning. Science tells us that those prolific beds of coal in the bowels of the earth were once forests on its surface—

forests of luxurious vegetation; that they incorporated the sun's rays, and then in merciful convulsions were imbedded in the center of the lower earth by an all-provident foresight for the wants of an inhabited world. Science tells us, too, that time was when the shapeless crystal was yet new to the covering of the earth. Subjected to the wheel of the lapidary, it sparkles out to view as a gem of the first water. It is but the release of the imprisoned rays which shone from the same great source long centuries ago; so that, in both the cottage fire-light and the monarch's diadem, we have just the resurrection of some olden summer—the great return of some sepulchral sunlight, from which man has rolled away the stone.”

—From Kidd's Selections.

2. In the appeal of surprise, as,

“Why, Frank! who would have thought you capable of doing such a thing?”

“Is this a time to be gloomy and sad, when all the earth is filled with the joy and promise of spring?”

“Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests merely for the sake of insulting your colonies?”

—Burke.

“What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make: ‘In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, . . . a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece to inquire into her state and condition, with an

expression of our good wishes and our sympathies,—and it was rejected!?' Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can,—to your constituents and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you can not tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of scimiters, and crowns, and crescents gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, and by national independence, and by humanity! I can not bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House."

—Henry Clay.

In the foregoing illustrations it will be observed that in each case there is a veiled appeal to the will through the medium of surprise. By expressing surprise at the action of the hearer, the speaker seeks to persuade him to do or not to do certain things. This is an adroit way of appealing to the will, and very often is successful where more direct methods would fail.

3. In angry, petulant, and irritable appeal, as,


"Now, see what you've made me do; can't you let a fellow work in peace?"

"Nice clothes I'd get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir! I'll not go out a dowdy to please you or any one else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold."

"Hark! 'tis the trumpet's clang: three times it sounds. Listen to the herald's voice—it thunders forth. Recreant, and coward, depart! Dishonored and branded, nevermore shalt thou hold lance in rest, or falchion wield in honorable warfare."

"Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Villains, set down the corse; or by St. Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
Unmannered dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than thy breast,
Or by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness."

—Shakespeare's Richard III.

Final Stress, Insistent Appeal. This differs from initial stress and abrupt appeal in that the appeal to the will is made through the reason; and that the accompanying emotions are not harsh or petulant, but predominantly normal, elevated, or sternly dignified. Under most conditions this is the form of appeal which the speaker should use; for most of us are so constituted that we prefer being reasoned with to being directly commanded or harshly urged. Final stress,  is used. This is a growth of force from the beginning to the end of a word, clause, or sentence. It should be noted that there may be a double incidence of stress, one falling upon single words, clauses, or sentences; and the other upon an entire division of thought, such as the paragraph or the conclusion of an address. This means that a speaker may not only stress certain parts, but that at the same time he may be gradually increasing the volume of his tone as he approaches and reaches his goal. This is well illustrated in the first selection which follows.

Final stress is used in

1. Settled conviction and determination, as,

"No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited me,—not I the peerage. Nay, more; I can say, and will say, that, as Peer of Parliament, as speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the great seal, as guardian of His Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, as a Man,—I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add—I am as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

—Lord Thurlow's reply to the Duke of Grafton.

"An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and a British guard stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

"Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any force which the enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant,

the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

"It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North may bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

—Patrick Henry.

"You think me a fanatic tonight, for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman; Hampden for England, La Fayette for France; choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown as the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint l'Ouverture."

—Wendell Phillips.

"His eye was stern and wild, his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;

He mused awhile, but not in doubt,—no trace of doubt was there;
 It was the steady, solemn pause of resolute despair.
 Once more he looked upon the scroll, once more its words he read,
 Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
 I saw him bare his throat, and seize the glittering steel,
 And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel.
 A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head;
 I could not stir; I could not cry; I felt benumbed and dead.
 Black, icy horror struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
 I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.
 Again I looked; a fearful change across his face had passed;
 He seemed to rave; on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast.
 He raised on high the glittering blade; then first I found a tongue:
 'Hold, madman, stay thy frantic deed!' and forth I sprung.
 He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he gave,
 But ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun—to shave!"

—Anon.

2. Tense supplication, official announcement, dignified reproof, weighty discourse, and the like, as,

"Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
 With Russia's heaviest iron hands,
 And drag me to Siberia's wilds
 To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "One!
 Will land or gold redeem my son?
 Take heritage, take name, take all,
 But leave him free from Russia's thrall!"

—Ann S. Stephens' "The Polish Boy."

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear! Let there be truce between the hosts to-day, and choose a champion from the Persian lords to fight our champion, Sohrab, man to man."

"Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes. . . .

And I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of Justice which ought equally to pervade every age, condition, rank, or situation in the world."

—Burke.

"My Lords, I am amazed; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke can not look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some nobler peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone."

—Lord Thurlow.

"When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities

which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from afar. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain; and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose of firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this is eloquence; or rather it is action, Godlike action."

—Webster.

Median Stress, Appeal of Uplift. This form of appeal is always accompanied by elevated feeling (orotund quality). Its purpose is to persuade the hearer to accept the truth,

to have high ideals, to live and think on high planes. It carries him along, as it were, on waves of force, because median stress falls on the middle of words, clauses, and sentences. It is, therefore, wavelike, sublime and inspiring in its effects. It is characteristic of sermons and patriotic addresses which appeal to that which is highest and noblest in man. It embodies a purpose to admire, to adore, to exalt, to encourage, and to express great joy, and to make others do the same. This form of appeal requires median stress, ◇.

Read the following selections with elevated feeling and with a purpose of uplift.

“How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where Thou dost dwell so near.

“My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, to thee.

“There even the sparrow freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest.

“Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from 'round the coasts
Towards Thee, my King, my God.”

—Selected.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then, from his mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle-bearer down
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

—Drake

“Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
 Just when we mourn there were none to befriend;
 Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
 And somehow or other we get to the end.”

—Selected.

“When wafted on by fortune’s breeze,
 In endless peace we seem to glide,
 Though smiling joy be thine to-day,
 Remember, this will pass away.
 When all the sky is draped in black,
 And beaten by tempestuous gales,
 The struggling bark seems all a-rack,
 Then trim again thy battered sails.
 Thus, O my son, be not too proud,
 Nor yet cast down; judge thou aright:
 When skies are clear, expect the cloud;
 In darkness, wait for coming light;
 Whate’er thy fate may be to-day,
 Remember: this, too, will pass away.”

—John G. Saxe.

“There is no other quality that so much attaches a man to his fellowman as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtue more esteem; but the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. It is far otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not to the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow

radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world about him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy, and hope, and encouragement wherever he goes. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.”

—Selected.

“Wherever, O man, God’s sun first beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where His lightnings first declared His omnipotence, and His storm and wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections, there is thy country. Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle,—where thy mother first joyfully bore thee on her bosom, where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart,—there are thy affections, there is thy country.”

—Arndt.

Prolonged Stress, Appeal of Intensity. This form of appeal to the will is characterized by great force, distributed quite evenly from beginning to end, and by the emotional accompaniment of stern feeling or earnestness. It is very effective when used with good judgment as to frequency and length; but when sustained for any great length of time, it inevitably wearies the audience and makes it rest-

less. Moreover, by giving equal vocal prominence to all parts of sentences it does not distinguish between that which is principal and that which is subordinate in the thought. Its vocal symbol is prolonged, or thorough, stress, □.

Illustrative selections:—

“Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?”

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

“Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves’ play:
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation’s dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty’s form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime.”

—Byron’s “The Ocean.”

“Good heavens! Mr. Chairman, are men mad? Is this House touched with that insanity which is the never-failing precursor of the intention of Heaven to destroy? The people of New England, after eleven months’ deprivation of the ocean, to be commanded still longer to abandon it, for an undefined period; to hold their inalienable rights at the tenure of the will of Briton or of Bonaparte! A people,

commercial in all aspects, in all their relations, in all their hopes, in all their recollections of the past, in all their prospects for the future; a people whose first love was the ocean, the choice of their childhood, the approbation of their manly years, the most precious inheritance of their fathers; in the midst of their success, in the moment of the most exquisite perception of commercial prosperity, to be commanded to abandon it, not for a time limited, but for a time unlimited; not until they can be prepared to defend themselves there, but until their rivals recede from it; not until their necessities require, but until foreign nations permit! I am lost in astonishment, Mr. Chairman. I have not words to express the matchless absurdity of this attempt. I have no tongue to express the swift and headlong destruction which a blind perseverance in such a system must bring upon this nation.

—Josiah Quincy.

“Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O, Frenchmen! O, my countrymen! Let not your enemies, with the desolating doctrines, degrade your souls and enervate your virtues! No, Chaumette, no! Death is not ‘an eternal sleep!’ Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funeral crepe, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe, rather, thereon these words: ‘Death is the commencement of immortality.’ I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the

independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth,—‘Thou shalt die!’ ” —Robespierre.

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favor’d rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Let it pry through the portage of the heads
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o’erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth the galled rock
O’erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, On, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!—
. The game’s afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry—God for Harry, England, and St. George!’”
—Shakespeare’s Henry V.

Compound Stress, Appeal of Violence. This form of appeal combines in itself both initial and final stress, thus,

⌘ . It is accompanied by a feeling of irony, surprise, and severity, and is always violent in character. In this respect it differs from prolonged stress which is expressive of dignity of appeal and controlled feeling. The public speaker should avoid its use, for it is suggestive of the demagogue rather than of the leader. It is of service sometimes in literary interpretation, and for this reason is given brief recognition here.

The following selections will serve to illustrate:

“And this man is now become a god!
And Cassius is a wretched creature
Who must bend his body if
Caesar carelessly but nod on him!”

“I’ll have my bond,—I’ll not hear thee speak:
I’ll have my bond, and therefor speak no more.
I’ll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not:
I’ll have no speaking: I’ll have my bond.”

“O, for a tongue to curse the knave
Whose treason like a deadly blight
Came o’er the councils of the brave,
To blast them in their hour of might:
May life’s unhallowed cup for him
Be filled with treacheries to the brim;
May all his hopes allure to fly,
Like dead-sea fruits, that tempt the eye
But turn to ashes on the lips;
May he at last with tongue of flame
On the parched desert thirsting lie,
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted:
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned one dwell,
Full in the sight of paradise,
Beholding Heaven, but feeling Hell!”

—More.

“O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix’d
His canon ’gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on’t! O fie! ’tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:

So excellent a King; that was to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere these shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
(O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer)—married with my uncle,
My father's brother. . . . O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it can not come to good;
But break, my heart, break,
For I must hold my tongue!

—Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Distinguish between the terms force, emphasis, stress, and accent.
2. What is the effect upon an audience of immoderate force in speaking?
3. Illustrate, by means of an example of your own selection, the improper effects resulting from a failure to use all vocal means in proper proportion and combination.
4. Show how force in speaking has an expressional significance of its own.
5. Bring to class short selections, or illustrations, of your own composition, showing the use of each kind of stress and form of appeal mentioned in this chapter.

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CHAPTER VIII

MUSICAL PROPERTIES OF SPEECH—KEY AND MELODY

Definition and Function. A musical property of speech is one which re-enforces thought or emotion by its own suggestiveness. When rapid action is described the speaker or reader accelerates his rate in harmony with the action described and thus re-enforces the meaning of his words by so doing; when he is moved to indignation or scorn, the degree of force he uses adds to the expression of those feelings; and when he touches on things deeply pathetic or joyfully ecstatic, the tremulous quality of his tone and the pitch of his voice will of themselves reveal these emotions. It should not be inferred that the utility of these properties of speech lies chiefly or solely in a pleasing effect because they are called musical. It lies rather in their inherent power of expressiveness, independent of word-meanings; and is not necessarily always musically pleasing to the ear. Musical properties of speech are practical as well as ornamental. A speaker skilled in his art will make the most of the opportunities for increased effectiveness of speech which they offer.

How much of the stirring effect of the *Marseillaise* is due to the words, and how much to the musical properties of the piece? Would Old Hundred lose any of its sublime force and meaning if sung in short meter? Would "Die Wacht am Rhein" rouse German patriotism if sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"? The musical properties of all

these are as essential to effective expression as are their words. Musical properties are to the spoken word what a background is to a painting: in both cases the purpose is to reveal clearly essentials and details. They are an envelopment, an aura, an atmosphere which gives life and enhanced expressiveness to the spoken word.

Classification. For present purposes musical properties may be used as follows: time, quality, force, melody and rhythm. Of these, time and force have been discussed in previous chapters, and their expressional significance pointed out, and they will require no further attention here. Tone qualities, too, have received general treatment, but will be more specifically treated in Chapter X. The expressional significance of rhythm will be discussed and illustrated in Chapter IX. This leaves key, or melody, as the subject for discussion for the rest of this chapter.

Key and Melody. By key is meant a group of sounds having different pitches. Melody is the variation of sounds as to pitch. The close relation of these to each other is manifest. We will make only a triple division of pitch, as high, middle or low. These degrees of pitch, as was pointed out with reference to the time element, are not absolute, but relative, so far as the individual is concerned. The degree of pitch, furthermore, is inseparable from rate as a musical property of speech. That which requires a rapid rate of utterance will require also—with rare exceptions—a high key or pitch; and likewise a slow movement calls for a relatively low pitch. Generally speaking, a high pitch has the musical property of expressing a rapid action, sprightliness, vivacity, levity, and intensity of feelings more or less hysterical in character, as illustrated in the following selections:—

“ ‘She’s painted already,’ quoth I;
 ‘Nay, nay!’ said the laughing Lisette,
 ‘Now none of your joking, but try,
 And paint a thorough coquette.’ ”

“O, joy! thou welcome stranger, twice three years,
 I have not felt thy vital beam, but now
 It warms my veins, and plays about my heart;
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
 And I could mount!”

“Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banners out;
 Shout ‘Freedom’ till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle shout.”

“Ye crags and peaks, I’m with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you once beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home again!”

“Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love,
 Sing out the war vulture, and sing in the dove,
 Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
 And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
 Clasp hands of the nations
 In strong gratulations:
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!”

“O, wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
 That has such people in’t!”

“Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
 In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.”

Middle pitch is the correlative of medium time. It is used in what is commonplace and usual in utterance. No examples are necessary for illustration. The selections which follow are intended to illustrate low pitch, which is used in pathos, sadness, slow action, solemnity, earnestness, and some forms of controlled intensity.

“My dream was lengthened after life:
O, then began the tempest of my soul! . . .
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not but believe that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.”

“O, Rome! Rome! thou has been a tender nurse to me. Aye! thou has given that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive his sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass and warm it in the marrow of his foe; taught him to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of a fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl: And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.—Kellogg.

“And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.”

"To be or not to be—that is the question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
 To sleep! Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when
 We have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause."

—Shakespeare's Hamlet.

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward the Light Brigade!"
 "Charge for the guns," he said.
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not, though the soldiers knew
 Someone had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die.
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
 Cannon to the left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell

Boldly they rode and well
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabering the gunners there
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

—Tennyson.

The preceding selections should be read in a prevailing high or low pitch, as the case may require. This does not, of course, mean a high or low monotone, but rather a vari-

ation above and below a general level of pitch. It is the general level of pitch which has expressional significance; and about this level the voice will vary in melodious fluctuations appropriate to the thought and degree of emotional intensity. This variation of pitch—melodious utterance—is one of the charms of a trained voice.

Much could be written on this subject, and much has been written on it; but it is foreign to the scope and purpose of this book to enter further into the details of melody and its technical terminology. For the needs of the average student it is sufficient to present fundamentals and general principles only. If he desire a minute and technical discussion of the subject, he will find it in that masterpiece of scientific analysis, *The Voice*, by Dr. Rush.

By way of graphic illustration, and avoiding technical terms, the melody of the voice in speaking a sentence may be shown as follows:

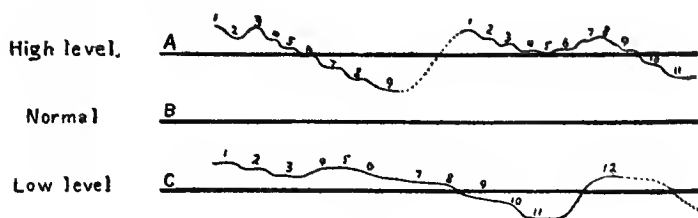


Fig. A

The lines A B C represent the general level of pitch, and the irregular lines may roughly represent the variations about these levels which the voice makes in speaking the following sentences:

- | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| A. O, wonder! how many goodly creatures are there here! | | | | | | | | |

- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10-11
 B. O, brave new world, that has such people in't.
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
 C. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye—

These variations are made unconsciously and correctly by any one who speaks these words provided he grasps the thought and has the proper accompaniment of feeling. If he have these, there need be little or no conscious attention to melody: it will follow naturally. Getting the thought and feeling, however, includes the use of the proper means of their vocal expression. When a strong appeal to the will is made and the feeling is one of sternness or seriousness, these variations are not so great: they tend to approach a monotone, or general level of pitch. When the purpose is to express the lighter feelings of gayety, joy, vivacity, hilarity, good will, etc., the variations are greatest. As said before, when these feelings are spontaneous and genuine, a speaker usually employs the correct variation, or melody, as a natural result. Even a child does this. Indeed, when under proper environment, its artless prattle affords a good opportunity to study melody in its inherent purpose and effect. It is only when training to overcome an habitual monotone that the speaker need pay specific attention to the melody of his words, or when interpreting the thoughts of others from the printed page. In the latter case the tendency is often towards a sing-song or monotone, which requires special attention in order to overcome it.

As an illustration of how the variations of pitch adds to the expression of thought and feeling, the following selection will be briefly analyzed:

1. Varro. Calls my Lord?
2. Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

3. It may be I shall raise you by and by
4. On business to my brother Cassius. [pleasure.
5. Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your
6. Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
7. It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
8. Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
9. I put it in the pocket of my gown. (Servants lie down.)
10. Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it to me.
11. Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
12. Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
13. And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
14. Lucius. Aye, my lord, an't please you.
15. Brutus. It does, my boy:
16. I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
17. Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
18. Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
19. I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
20. Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
21. Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
22. I will not hold thee long: If I do live,
23. I will be good to thee. (Music and song.)
24. This is a sleepy tune, O murderous slumber!
(Lucius falls asleep.)
25. Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
26. That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
27. I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
28. If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
29. I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night,—
30. Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
31. Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
(He sits down to read.)

(Enter the ghost of Caesar.)

32. How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?

33. I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,

34. That shapes this monstrous apparition.

35. It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?

36. Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,

37. That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

38. Speak to me, what thou art.

—Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

The above scene represents Brutus in his tent before the battle of Phillippi, where he committed suicide after his defeat. It is night. Cassius and other friends who had spent the evening with him had departed to their own quarters. Brutus, we may rightly surmise from what follows, is ill at ease. He is downcast in spirit; perhaps even remorse has seized him because of his share in Caesar's murder. Fear comes upon him, and a vague portent of impending disaster. Silence and solitude become intolerable, and so he calls for some of his servants on the specious plea that he might need them to run some errands for him during the night. He desires that they sleep on cushions in his tent. Brutus is afraid.

What general level of pitch would be suggestive of his feelings of loneliness, sadness, remorse, seriousness and fear? Certainly we may expect him to speak in a low key, and so he does. His servants, however, have different feelings. In spite of being heavy-eyed, for want of sleep, they respond with alacrity to his call; and it may be assumed that, in order to show a willingness and pleasure of service which they really do not feel, they even consciously exaggerate the high pitch and melody of their replies. By these

vocal means they suggest a gayety, an alacrity, and a pleasure of service they could not otherwise express. Thus, when Varro says in line (1), "Calls my lord?" he asks his question on a high pitch and in a constantly rising melody, and with rapid movement. In no other way could he express such cheerfulness and such readiness to serve. Indeed, the three words of his question in themselves can give no clue to their emotional accompaniment. This can be gathered only from the context. They might be spoken in a matter of fact way, or even in a monotone of sullen compliance. For an expression of cheerfulness, they depend wholly upon a high pitch, and quick movement (augmented in this case by physical expression if there was sufficient light). The same melody on a high pitch characterizes all the questions and answers which his servants make, as in lines 5, 10, 14, 17, and 20. The language of Brutus, on the contrary, always is spoken on a low pitch level, with but little variation. In some lines there is an approach even to monotone, as in lines 24, 25, and 26. In lines 11, 12, and 13, the melody is most pronounced and reaches a slightly higher level because of the implied motive of conciliation and appeal which is made. In lines 32 to 38 there is agitation, apprehension and, in 38, sudden resolve. The pitch rises, there is in the main but little melody, and the time is quickened, all in harmony with these emotions.

The student should study this selection with special reference to pitch and melody, and to the transitions from high to low pitch, or vice versa, as one or other of the characters speaks; but it is also rich in material for the study of inflections, emphasis, and tone quality.

Study also and read the following:—

Regulus to the Carthaginians

"The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given, with its light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor, where, sheltered by the verdant shores, a hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks, glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing on the breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest his sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd, which, anxious and agitated, had rushed to the Senate house, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

Fathers were there whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome; and gray-haired men and matrons whom the Roman sword had left childless. The multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the hatred of that vast throng vented itself in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance.

But when the proud form of Regulus was seen towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome, the tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense became the silence that the clanking of the manacles upon the wrists of the captives in the near-by dungeons fell full and sharp upon every ear in that vast assemblage. Calm, cold and immovable as the marble walls about him, stood the Roman; and with ges-

tures as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome, he thus addressed them :

'Ye doubtless thought, for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted word rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. I might give reasons for those eternal principles which make death for one's country a pleasure, not a pain. But by great Jupiter! methinks I would debase myself to speak of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly invention; to you, well skilled to drive a treacherous trade with the simple Africans for ivory and gold. If the bright blood that courses through my body were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in your arteries, I would have remained at home, and broken my plighted oath to save my life. Here in your capital do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you now expect to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and the rending of sinews is but a pastime when compared with the mental agony that fills my soul.

The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother, upon whose breast I slept before the noise of battle stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, upon her knees begged me not to return to Carthage. I can see her now tear her gray hair and beat her aged breast, as in broken accents she begged me to remain at home. And all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. But the puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me shall be withall to what I have en-

dured, even as the murmur of a summer brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound. It sounded like the march of distant armies, the harness clanking as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me; and with a voice as low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: "Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city. Know that, in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. By this they sought to stain my brightest honor; but for this foul deed the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them, now and forever."

And then he vanished. Now go, bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending o'er this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death. I die; but my death shall prove a proud triumph, and for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud City of the Waters. I see the Roman eagles glittering on thy ramparts, thy ships in flames, thy citizens in terror. I hear the victorious shouts of Rome. Proud city, thou art doomed. The curse of God is on thee,—a clinging, wasting curse; and it shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold off thy proud palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea.'"

—Kellogg.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is meant by musical properties of speech? Name them.

2. Define key, melody, pitch.

3. Why should Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" be read with slow movement and in prevaillingly low pitch? What was the poet's motive in writing this piece?

4. Compose several sentences of varying thought, purpose, and feeling, and trace on paper an irregular line to show approximately the variations of pitch. Try to account for these variations in the light of purpose or feeling.

5. In line 5 of the selection from Julius Caesar, quoted in this chapter, what is the most emphatic word, and why?

6. What should be the inflection after "good sirs" in line 6? Why?

7. What of the inflection on "me" in line 10? What are the emphatic words? Why?

8. Account for the rising inflection on "you" in line 14; likewise on "sir," line 17.

9. What is the emphatic word in line 20?

10. What should be the movement and pitch in lines 24, 25, 26? Why?

11. What tone quality would be naturally expressive of the emotion portrayed in lines 32-38?

12. Analyze the address of Regulus with reference to pitch.

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CHAPTER IX

RHYTHM

Poetic Rhythm. Rhythm is the regular recurrence of accent. It is one of the musical properties of speech, and the distinguishing as well as pleasing feature of poetry. Rhyme, which is the correspondence of sounds in the terminal words of lines in poetry, is often erroneously considered to be the fundamental fact in poetry. Rhyme without rhythm can not be said to be anything more than prose. The charm of poetic thought expression lies chiefly in its rhythm, and it is a mistake to obscure it in reading. It should not, of course, degenerate into mere sing-song or jingle, neither should it be suppressed. It should be faintly perceptible and pervade the reading even as a delicate odor surrounds the rose.

There are six kinds of poetic rhythm; and they are named as follows. Trochee, Iambus, Spondee, Dactyl, Anapest, and Amphibrach. These may be conveniently grouped into classes as dissyllables and trisyllables. The first three as given are dissyllabic, the last three trisyllabic. Each of these will receive brief consideration.

The trochee is a poetic foot which has an accented and an unaccented syllable, thus, — *υ* , as is illustrated in the following lines:

“Be that | word our | sign of | parting, | bird or | friend,” I |
shrieked up | starting;

The iambus has an unaccented and an accented syllable, thus, **u —**, in these lines:

“The sab | bath day | was end | ing in | a vil | lage by | the
 sea,
 The ut | tered ben | edic | tion touched | the peo | ple tend |
 erly.”

The spondee is a poetic foot having both syllables accented, thus — —. Its occurrence is infrequent and irregular, being nearly always used in combination with other metric feet. A whole poem written in spondaic meter would be ponderously monotonous. The following lines will serve to illustrate its use:

And with assumed solemnity,
 He spoke these doleful words,—
 “Farewell, dear friend, farewell:
 I’ll miss thee more than I can tell.”

The dactyl resembles the trochee in that the percussion of the voice falls on the first syllable and the remission in the remaining ones, the difference being that in the former there are two unaccented syllables, whereas in the latter there is but one, thus, —**uu**.

“Star of the | evening,
 Queen of the | beautiful,
 Light of the | traveler,
 Smiling I | gaze on thee.”

The anapest, like the iambus, has its last syllable accented, but, unlike it, there are two unaccented syllables preceding the last, instead of one, thus, **uu—**.

"T'was the night | before Christ | mas, when all | thro the
house

Not a crea | ture was stir | ring not e | ven a mouse.

The amphibrach bears no similarity to others. Like the spondee, it stands alone; but it is very musical. It resembles median stress (\diamond) in that the middle syllable receives the accent while the first and last are unaccented, thus, $\text{u} - \text{u}$

"This tragi | cal tale, which | they say is | a true one,
Is old; but | the manner | is wholly | a new one."

In the illustrations given above, the meter is perfect and uniform throughout the lines. This is not always the case. Very often various kinds of metric feet are used in combination, and sometimes, particularly in the terminal foot, a syllable is wanting. When different meters are used in combination, it may be observed that the trochee and dactyl, and the iambus and anapest, are commonly combined because of their similarity in drift, as has been shown in the above description. Quite often, however, there is an abrupt transition from the trochaic in one line to the iambic in the next; or from dactylic to anapestic. These variations are shown in the following illustrations:

"Mary | had a | little | lamb,

Its fleece | was white | as snow."

"Winter will | leave us when | spring time ap | pears;

April will | meet us with | smiles and with | tears."

"Lady | Clara | Vere de | Vere

Of me | you shall | not win | renown."

"Here it comes | sparkling,

And there it | lies darkling,

Here smoking | and frothing,
 Its tumult | and wrath in
 It hastens | along | conflicting | and strong."
 Among | the beauti | ful pictures
 That hang | on Mem or | ry's wall,
 Is one | of a dim | old forest,
 That seem | eth best | of all."

Study the following selections and mark the meter as has been done above. In reading for metric expression the accents should be strong and the pauses long. Sometimes it is difficult to determine the meter of a poem because it admits of a double marking. In such a case, the best guide is the thought or action of the piece, as will be shown later in the discussion of expressional significance of meter.

"No day so bright but seeds may fall,
 No day so still but winds may blow;
 No morn so dismal with the pall
 Of wintry storm, but stars may glow
 When evening gathers, over all."

"Listen to the water-mill, through the livelong day,
 How the clicking of the wheels wears the hours away!
 And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast:
 The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

"Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sighed for pity, as it answered, 'No.' "

"Sow the seed of soothing kindness,
 To dispel the gloom and pain;
 Sow bright words of warmth and welcome,
 That o'er the earth good will may reign;
 Sow upon a soil prolific

That shall bear an hundred-fold,
Choking out the thorns and briers,
Turning weeds to stalks of gold."

"At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With a wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright."

"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border his steed is the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone;
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
'Charge!' was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

"Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"

"The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardour flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, 'War! War! War! War!'"

Expressional Significance. It being a musical property of speech we may rightly expect that rhythm carries with it a meaning independent of the words which it measures,

but in harmony with the thought, feeling or action they describe. The imagination must be brought into use to appreciate this effect; and incidentally it may be said, that imagination is not indigenous to poetry alone: it is required in architecture, in mechanical invention, in entrepreneurial activity, and in managerial oversight. In fact it leads to dollars as well as to poetic sense. The student, and especially the public speaker, will do well to cultivate his imaginative powers along with his other intellectual faculties.

It should not require a very vivid imagination to appreciate the added effect which is given to the words by the dashing, bounding, amphibrachic rhythm of the lines above which describe young Lochinvar's ride. Can one not hear the "gallopy-trot" of his noble steed as he goes bounding in measured leaps up hill and through valley, across bridges and over smooth stretches of shady roads? May one not hear the rhythmic beat of broadsword upon saddle-side, or even see the waving plume and flapping cape as the dashing rider breasts the wind? Or again, does not the abrupt dactyl in Tennyson's "Charge" suggest the stern command, the immediate response, and the unquestioning devotion to duty which constitute the poet's theme?

Who could miss the re-enforcement of impassioned appeal and the sonorous command which the earnest spondee gives to the words, "War! War! War! War!"?

"Sow the seed of soothing kindness,
Sow bright words of warmth and welcome."

Does not the somewhat abrupt trochee in these two lines suggest the directness of appeal to the will that is

made by the poet?, and does not the iambic rhythm in these words,

“Come one! come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

suggest, not the sudden determination, but the premeditated resolve of the speaker? Examples might be multiplied indefinitely by way of further illustration, but enough has been said, it is hoped, to call the student's attention to the expressional significance of rhythm, and to lead him on to further analyses on his own account. The ability to appreciate the function of rhythm is essential to the enjoyment of poetry. Perhaps the following mnemonic by Professor Chamberlain will be helpfully suggestive to the student in recognizing rhythmic functions:

Trochaic (—U)	springy, cheery, prompt.
Iambic (U—)	more grave, insistent, firm.
Spondaic (— —)	full, sound, even.
Dactylic (—UU)	sprightly and musical.
Anapestic (UU—)	with a full, buoyant sweep.
Amphibrachic (U—U)	with stronger uplifting.

Prose Rhythms. The only justification for a discussion of poetic rhythms in a text on public speaking is their intimate relation to prose rhythms, and the dependence of the latter upon the former in any logical order of presentation. If the nature and purpose of poetic rhythm has been grasped by the student, he will have little trouble in understanding rhythm in prose, and appreciating its possibilities for the enrichment of thought and expression. Prose rhythms differ from poetic rhythms in that they are less regular,

more easily controlled by the speaker, and fewer in number. Not all prose has rhythm as true poetry has; and in that which has, it may be obscured or altered by the speaker at will. There is, moreover, no necessary predominance of any one kind as there is in a poem. From this it might be inferred that prose rhythms are altogether too vague and free from fixed principles to be either appreciable by an audience or useful to a speaker. A little study, however, and an intelligent use of the imagination will show the opposite view to be correct. This will be done a little later in the analysis of a prose selection in which rhythms abound.

Kinds of Prose Rhythms. The following table divides prose rhythms into four classes, and shows their relation to poetic rhythms and to stress. By calling to mind what has been said of stress and poetic rhythms, any student will have little that is new to learn in connection with

Prose rhythms	Poetic rhythms	Stress
1. Abrupt	Trochaic	Initial
2. Insistent	Iambic	Final
3. Weighty	Spondaic	Prolonged
4. Gliding	{ Dactylic Anapestic Amphibrachic }	Median

Expressional Significance. If it will be remembered what has been said of initial stress as the vocal symbol of abrupt appeal to the will, and of trochaic meter as being suggestive of bold, prompt, decisive action, a very good

idea may be gained as to the nature and function of abrupt prose rhythm. The same is true of the other three and their corresponding correlations as shown in the table.

It may be asked, "Will, or should the public speaker pay any attention to prose rhythms?" If he wishes to make himself master of every vocal means at his disposal for making his message carry, *he will*. There is an undeniable charm—and therefore effectiveness—to sentences which have just the right length, no matter how prosaic the subject or commonplace the occasion may be. It is the speaker's business to gain, and then to *hold* the attention of his audience. One of his means of doing this is to express his thoughts in sentences whose rhythm is approximately regular, varying with the thought, and pleasing to the ear. This characterization of prose rhythm will suggest its intimate connection also with correct grouping.

Who has not been confused by the labyrinthian construction of sentences whose parts or end can neither be recognized nor foretold, so far as any vocal clue the speaker may give is concerned? The hearer is held in suspense, given a glimpse of the logical end, but before reaching it, he is dragged through several unexpected clauses, and afterwards over a half-dozen disjointed words which give a quietus to his interest and attention by their superfluity and irrelevance. What is lacking is, chiefly, a proper appreciation by the speaker of the use and effect of prose rhythm. The rhythmic speaker rarely fails to hold the attention and interest of his audience to the end of his address. It is a part of the successful speaker's art which every aspiring student should study and cultivate. It is too often absent from the lecture room, the 'pulpit, and all places where men attempt to address their fellows.

Perhaps the American speaker who was most successful in the use of prose rhythm was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Many with good cause deny the force of his logic, but none can deny his mastery over any audience he addressed. This mastery was due in large part to the wonderful charm of his melody and rhythm, and it was all the more remarkable because his line of argument very often grated on the sensibilities of his auditors and insulted their intelligence. This, however, is a matter of private concern. The selections from his speeches which have been given a place in this volume can hardly fail to impress any one by their power and beauty.

“Strike with a hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo’s golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the skies with moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering on the vine-clad hills,—but know that your sweetest strains are but discords all, compared with childhood’s happy laugh, the laugh that fills the eye with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fiend of care. O, laughter, rose-lipped daughter of joy, there are enough dimples in thy cheek to catch, and hold, and glorify all our tears of grief!”
—Ingersoll.

This selection is a good example of prose rhythm. It certainly is not the intention to hold it up as an ideal to be striven for in every type of utterance. Such melody and perfect rhythm would satiate and tire with repetition and prolonged use; but an exaggerated type like this serves admirably to illustrate the *fact* and *effect* of rhythm. To prove this, read the following selection, which expresses the same thought, but with no regard for prose rhythm in the sentence structure:

Strike with a hand that looks as if it were made of fire, or perhaps that might have the gracefulness of the motion of a flame, O weird player of music, thy harp, figuratively speaking, strung with the golden hair of Apollo—or something that looks like it; crowd all the music you can into the big cathedral, aisles and all, you, that know how to play on an organ; blow several times, or all you wish to, and as well as you can, considering your skill and past training, until all of the country is full of your music, O bugler, and until you reach with it, not only the skies during the time the moon is shining, but also the two young people who are out for a walk, and who, judging by their actions, are lovers—or recently married, at least;—but I want to tell you this fact, and I will make it emphatic (or try to do so), namely, that you can't,—well, I'll put it this way: all the music you make is as if it were in a minor key and in a discord, this is to say, out of harmony, when it is compared with the music of a little child, say when it's about a year old, or most any time for that matter. This laughter is like a river that flows ripplingly over stones and pebbles and other things that obstructs its easy flow, and may be called the boundary between man and the beasts. We drown our cares in it. The dimples in the cheeks of the daughter of joy, i. e., laughter, are numerous enough to catch all our tears that we may shed on account of some grief, and, moreover, to hold them, and to glorify them, too.

It is apparent that while the thought in the above paragraph is substantially the same as in the original, it has lost much of its clarity and all of its beauty of expression because of the rambling character of its clauses; and the lack of rhythm which gives the reader a sensation of groping in the dark, not knowing whither he is drifting nor when and where he will end. It is lacking both in efficiency and artistic taste. It is very like the uncertain rambling sentences, meterless and vacuous, so often used by careless and indifferent public speakers.

Just as rhythm compels the poet to crowd his thoughts into metric spaces which are uniform in length and harmonious in number, and just as, for this reason, his sentences are rich in content and implied suggestion, so in

prose—in public speaking—a due regard for rhythmic effects will make for brevity, lucidity, and power of expression. In the selection quoted, notice the re-enforcement which is given to the thought by the uniformly abrupt rhythm that is used in the lines ending with “organ keys.” There is a direct appeal to the will, and the accent, with several slight irregularities, very appropriately falls on the first word and so continues in trochaic alternation. Note the effect of the heavy spondee on “blow, bugler, blow,” and then the change to the lighter, more intellective, and stately insistent rhythm (iambus) which predominates the sentences which follow and in which the speaker compares music with the laughter of a child, and apostrophizes joy.

Study the following selection for their prose rhythm:

“The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the *fascination* of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victim, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.”—Charles Phillips.

“Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument which time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year: you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.”—Chalmers.

“My Lords, I have done; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it! Take it! It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to a human tribunal.”—Burke.

Study the following paraphrase of Burke's words, mark the changes in prose rhythm, and note the consequent change in *purpose* and *feeling*.

This, my Lords, ends my work. The Commons' part is done. Trembling and solicitous, we ask you to accept this product of protracted effort on our part. May it please you to accept it. I hope you will. Sacred is the trust. Perhaps never before in all the world was cause of such importance plead before a human judge.

Note the effect of gliding meter in the following lines by Daniel Webster:

"Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are strongest, perhaps, in the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself 'the wings of the morning.' This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the sun. Rays of light are wings. The Sun of Righteousness shall rise 'with healing in his wings,' and scatter light, and health, and joy throughout the universe. . . . I know the morning. I am acquainted with it, and I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude."

An excellent study in prose rhythm may also be found in "Blaine's Eulogy of Garfield," which is found elsewhere in this text, and also in the selection by Dr. McIntosh given in the next chapter.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Define rhythm and distinguish between poetic and prose rhythm.
2. Name, describe and illustrate six forms of rhythm as they occur in poetry.
3. Name, describe and illustrate four forms of rhythm as they occur in prose.
4. Make a paraphrase of a short prose selection which abounds in rhythms, and explain the changes which result so far as the purpose and feeling are concerned.
5. Apply to the selections in this chapter what you

have learned thus far of the vocal and physical means of expression.

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CHAPTER X

tone color

Definition and Function. The fifth and last musical property of speech to which attention is called in this treatise is tone color. It may be defined as that inherent property of certain elementary sounds which makes them suggestive of emotional states. Words having such sounds are called onomatopes. Their function in speaking, like that of all the other musical properties of speech which have been discussed in preceding chapters, is to lend re-enforcement to the meaning of spoken words. Tone color is not so generally applicable as rhythm, and therefore not so practical, but it is of sufficient importance in speaking, and particularly in the interpretation of some forms of literature, to merit brief consideration here.

Expressional Significance of Certain Sounds. Only a few of the elementary sounds will be taken as typical illustrations of tone color. The suggestive qualities of the following tones are briefly indicated in the following tabulation:

- a is suggestive of greatness.
- ah is suggestive of heartiness.
- o is suggestive of nobleness, woe, grief.
- oo is suggestive of smoothness, softness.
- e is suggestive of tenseness.
- i is suggestive of width, loftiness.
- m is suggestive of ease, quiet, content.

- s is suggestive of sharpness or softness.
- g or k is suggestive of roughness or rudeness.
- h is suggestive of exhaustion or tenseness.
- b is suggestive of bluntness, abruptness.
- r is suggestive of rapid action.

Manifestly it would be absurd to claim that the above sounds are always suggestive of the emotional states above outlined in any word in which they may appear, or that they are suggestive of the emotions indicated and no others. Those mentioned are only typical of a class. Thus, there is nothing "smooth" or "soothing" about the sounds of double o in door, or floor, or loot; nor is there any "loftiness" to the sound of long "i" in spite or bite; neither is there any suggestion of "rudeness" or "roughness" in the hard g or k sounds in gifted or calm. Yet it may be asserted conservatively that most people, if not all, do get an impression, consciously or unconsciously, of something akin to the feelings indicated in the above table, when they hear these sounds *separately*. Indeed, it is plausible to suppose that men in pre-historic times, before the development of articulate language, communicated with each other by means of these onomatopic sounds even as animals undoubtedly do now. It is not hard to believe, that, in the dawn of human intelligence, infants were lulled into peaceful slumber on maternal bosoms by the soft soothing sound of double o in the crooning lullaby of their mothers—as they are *now*. Is the imagination too vivid that can picture a primitive man, who, getting his first taste of some luscious wild fruit, smacks his lips and grunts "ah-h!"? That was *his* sound for expressing "heartiness" and satisfaction. His highly civilized descendant of today, with

large vocabulary, still says "ah-h!" when he has slaked his thirst with cold water, or when he "grasps in friendly clasp" the hand of a friend and says, "Ah! I'm so glad to see you again after so long a time." Why not use the hard sound of "g" or "k"? Because these sounds are neither expressive nor suggestive of heartiness. He does sometimes say "Gee! but I'm glad to see you." Why? Because the soft sound of g and the long sound of e are suggestive of tensity of feeling in any language, whether it be tensity of joy or pain or kindred feelings.

Who can misunderstand the values and intent of sounds as they are emitted by animals? Many creatures of the earth and sky speak a language which is understood among themselves and partly also by men. Their vocalizations are accompanied and re-enforced by certain physical action as they are in man. The sibilant sound of "s" in the serpent's hiss, or that of the goose, is unmistakably suggestive of sharp warning that the feeling is not a friendly one. The low "moo" of the matronly cow as she watches the gambols of her awkward progeny is certainly suggestive of ease and quiet, and contented approval. The hysterical "cut-cut-cudacut" in high pitch and rapid rate, of biddy when she is driven unwillingly off her nest is her onomatope for expressing indignation and resentment. Contrast with this her contented and musical "qua-qua-qua" as she sings to herself in the bright sunshine of early spring. Does she succeed in making her "meaning" clear? Can one confuse the feeling and intent of a dog's joyful and boisterous bark with his low menacing growl, or his e-e-l-p (yelp) of pain? Is pussy doomed to unsociable silence because of a limited vocabulary?

Perhaps enough has been said to make the point that the

sounds tabulated above do have a significance in themselves, and it would seem not illogical to conclude that when these sounds predominate in words and are in harmony with their meanings, they add to their expressiveness. Ordinarily they may be of little use to the public speaker, but in carefully prepared and formal address they often are very serviceable. This is not hard to discover in the excellent commencement day address of Dr. McIntosh to a Philadelphia school of oratory, an extract from which follows:

POTENCY OF ENGLISH WORDS

“Seek out ‘acceptable words,’ and as ye seek them turn to our English stores. Seeking to be rich in speech, you will find in that broad ocean of our English literature there are pearls of great price, our potent English words; words that are wizards more mighty than the old Scotch magician; words that are pictures bright and moving with all the coloring and circumstance of life; words that go down the century like battle cries; words that sob like litanies, sing like larks, sigh like zephyrs, shout like seas. Seek amid our exhaustless stores and you will find words that flash like the stars of the frosty sky, or are melting and tender like love’s tear-filled eyes; words that are fresh and crisp like the mountain breeze in autumn, or are mellow and rich as an old painting; words that are sharp, unbending and precise like Alpine needle points, or are heavy and rugged like great nuggets of gold; words that are glittering and gay like imperial gems, or are chaste and refined like the face of a muse. Search and ye shall find words that crush like the battle axe of Richard, or cut

like the scimitar of Saladin ; words that sting like a serpent's fangs, or soothe like a mother's kiss ; words that can unveil the nether depths of hell, or paint out the heavenly heights of purity and peace ; words that can recall a Judas ; words that reveal the Christ.

"Here, then, you have, to stir, enrich, control and cultivate your plastic minds, a literature that embodies, in the most perfect forms of Elizabethan words, the peerless gentleness of a Sydney, the unquailing bravery of a Glenville, the quiet majesty of a Cecil, the dashing hardihood of a Raleigh, and the sublime dignity of a Howard. What a rich field of supply is here. Here is a literature that is marked by terseness and clearness, by soberness and majesty, by sweetness and fullness of expression never surpassed, rarely equaled. Here you have for your guidance and enrichment as speakers a field of literature marked in one department by the pureness, thoroughness, and calmness of the sage who loves rich, deep, but strongly ruled speech, and shuns with holy scorn all strain after the startling or striking ; a literature marked in another department by the white glow of fiery zeal, the rapid rush of the dauntless will, and by the passionate, piercing cry of the deeply stirred but despairing seer ; a literature marked in another department by short, sharp sentences, by pointed antithesis, striking outbursts, flashing images. This is the literature that presents to you the gathered wealth of the English tongue, and yet this vast and noble library into which I would introduce you, far from exhausting, only half reveals the marvelous riches of that language whose inexhaustible stores and manifold resources scarcely one amid a thousand speakers more than touches. Before us stands a grand instrument of countless strings, of myriad notes and keys,

and we are content with some few hundreds, and these not the purest, richest, deepest, sweetest. If you would be strong of speech, master more of these notes; let your vocabulary be rich, varied, pure, and proportionate will be your power and attractiveness as speakers. I would have you deeply impressed by the force, fullness, and flexibility of our noble tongue, where, if anywhere, the gigantic strength of thought and truth is wedded to the seraphic beauty of perfect utterance. I would have you fling yourselves unhesitatingly out into this great fresh sea, like bold swimmers into the rolling waves of ocean. It will make you healthy, vigorous, supple, and equal to a hundred calls of duty. I would have you cherish sacredly this goodly heritage, won by centuries of English thought and countless lives of English toil. I would have you jealous, like the apostle over the church, over these pure wells of English undefiled; degrade not our sacred tongue by slang; defile not its crystal streams with the foul waters of careless speech; honor its stern old parentage, obey its simple yet severe grammar, watch its perfect rhythm, and never mix its blue blood, the gift of noblest sires, with the base puddle of any mongrel race; never speak half the language of Ashdod and half of Canaan, but be ye of pure English lip." —John S. McIntosh, D. D.

The matchless beauty of these words and sentiments, the high ideals of speech, the perfect prose rhythm which is maintained throughout, and the powerful but dignified appeal to the will have rarely been equalled and perhaps never surpassed by any speaker. Dr. McIntosh doubtless chose his words not only with reference to their lexicographic meanings, but with reference to their onomatopoeic values as well. Note the suggestive slash of the *s* sound in "cut

like the scimitar of Saladin"; the penetrating character of the same sound when associated with *t* in the words "sting like a serpent's fangs"; or, when associated with *oo* and *m* and *th* in "soothe like a mother's kiss," what an atmosphere of comfort and content it creates! Is there not an added bigness and roughness to the words "rugged like great nuggets of gold," because of the predominance of the hard *g*? The long *i*'s and aspirates in "sigh like zephyrs" help the suggestion of gentle winds sweeping through the high, wide spaces of the sky. Let the student dig further into this rich mine of onomatopes, and find others for himself.

Cause and Effect. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." This proposition involves not only a moral truth, but a psychological, and physical one as well. Its fundamental idea is the same as that in "Laughter is contagious," or in "*Similia similibus curantur*," and other expressions of like import. Why does a soft answer turn away wrath? Because it is a physical fact, already discussed in Chapter VI, that an aspirate (soft) tone of voice can not be produced when the muscles are tense, nor can a tense tone be produced when the muscles are relaxed, and that, moreover, physical action always slightly precedes vocalization and foretells as well as determines the character of the tone. Now since tone is the vocal symbol of emotion, it is quite likely that a speaker whose answer (tone) is soft, has no feeling of animosity or antagonism; and therefore, in harmony with the law of suggestion, he engenders no such feelings in others.

Tone and tone-color (*Kangfarbe*) therefore being dependent upon a physical condition which is induced by emotional states have an inherent power to express the emotions out of which they grow. This expression is always physi-

cal as well as vocal, and they appeal to both the eye and the ear. This method of expression is the oldest and most natural language extant, and is quite uniform and universal in its use. It is used in appeal to man or beast, and even if the effect intended is not always produced, the intent of the user is never misunderstood.

We soothe the restless cow with "so-bossie-so-so-so," and quiet the frightened horse with "whoa, boy, whoa" (long meter, slow time, pronounced melody, and rising inflection); and we never fail to reveal our purpose and feeling with "scat!" or "Get out!" When we thus "speak" to animals we use onomatopes (tone-color), and when we speak to our fellows in articulate words which have an invented meaning, we may often re-enforce this meaning by choosing words in which tone-colors predominate that are suggestive of the thing described.

The following selections will still further illustrate the use of the tone-color. They should receive critical study and reading not only with reference to one musical property of speech, but also with reference to all, since they are interdependent and mutually re-enforcing:

"How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells.
My happy heart with rapture swells,
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel—excel,
Chimed out from ivied tower a bell;
In rituals and faith excel—excel,
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"O, heed the ancient land-marks well,
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
While all is well—is well—is well,
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

“O swell, ye purifying waters swell,
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
O swell, ye rising waters, swell,
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

“In after life there is no hell,
In raptures sang a cheerful bell:
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell,
Rang out the Universalist bell.

“Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul, said a soft bell,
Do well, do well, do well, do well,
Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

“Farewell,—farewell—base world, farewell,
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
Say to the world, farewell, farewell,
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

“To all the truth we tell—we tell,
Shouts in ecstasy a bell,
Salvation’s free, we tell—we tell,
Shouted the Methodistic bell.”

—G. W. Bungay.

“How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening’s ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven’s ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon’s unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow,
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,—
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon’s pure beam; yon castled steep
Whose banner hangeth o’er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene

Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still." —Shelley's *Night*.

"There is sweet music here, which softer falls
 Than night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass.
 Music, which gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge
 The poppy hangs in sleep." —Tennyson.

"Back, ruffians, back! Nor dare to tread
 Too near the body of my dead!
 Nor touch the living boy!—I stand
 Between him and your lawless band."

The following selections are also good examples for study: "Modulation" by Lloyd; "The Bells" by Poe; "The Bugle Song" by Tennyson; "Robert of Lincoln" by Bryant; "The Cataract of Lodore" by Southey; "Evening on the Farm" by Trowbridge, and "The Bridge" by Longfellow. Most of these may be found in this book. (See index.)

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Define tone-color and explain its use.
2. Make a list of ten onomatopoeic words from some source other than this text.
3. Compose several sentences wherein the thought, purpose, or feeling is clearly re-enforced by the tone-coloring of the words.

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PART II
PRACTICE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

CHAPTER XI

RHETORICAL FACTORS OF EFFECTIVE SPEECH

Pronunciation. Just as spelling serves unfailingly to reveal the scholarship of a writer, so does pronunciation disclose a speaker's education and culture. No one who aspires to become an effective public speaker should neglect to make a systematic study of the dictionary, and carefully to observe pronunciation in others. When a student hears a word pronounced differently from what is customary with himself, he should make immediate note of it and look it up at his first opportunity. This applies also to his reading. If he come across a word whose meaning and pronunciation are unfamiliar, he should never fail to consult a standard dictionary, and to incorporate the new word into his own vocabulary. Only by some such method as this, can he hope to grow and improve in the knowledge of words and how to use them. It requires persistence, and is a never-ending process. Neglect even for a short time results in retrogression.

The great pianist, Paderewski, even while traveling on board ship or train, practices many hours daily on the instrument of which he is so consummate a master. When asked on one occasion why he considered this necessary, he replied, "Should I fail to keep up my practice, I would notice it in my playing at the end of the first day; the second day my manager would notice it; and the third day, my audience would notice it."

Art always is a severe task-master. A high degree of

proficiency demands faithful, persistent effort, and the result always justifies the cost. This has especial application to the useful art of public speaking. There is no royal road leading to it, but the training and persistent effort necessary to acquire proficiency in this art are fully compensated by the results: power, influence, and culture. Moreover, the habits one necessarily acquires in the progress of such training, correct articulation, proper breathing, bearing and action, pronunciation, etc., are in themselves ends worth striving for.

Unity. Unity suggests oneness—a multiplicity of details welded into one harmonious whole. Poise, balance, and proper proportion are also implied in it. Superabundance of one part, omission of others, prominence to that which should be subordinate, things irrelevant—no matter how true or beautiful in themselves—all these militate against perfect unity in any art product.

Unity as a factor of artistic expression may be illustrated in many ways. Suppose we have before us the statue of a peasant, chiseled with consummate skill out of finest marble. Suppose, moreover, it represents a man physically normal. If it is true to life we say it is artistically satisfactory. Our attention is not attracted specifically to any one detail; all is essentially and harmoniously blended into one perfect whole. If the sculptor had made the third finger longer than the first, or had placed one ear a little higher or lower on one side of the head than on the other; if the left instep were arched more than the right, or if some vandal had pried off a little toe, any one of these defects would mar the unity of the statue and therefore diminish our pleasure and appreciation. That which is for any reason defective, immediately pushes itself into undue

prominence and thereby destroys the unity of that of which it should be a subordinate part.

Near the capitol at Washington there is a heroic statue of the first president which is not at all bad as a work of art if the sculptor's technique alone be considered, but the fact that it represents Washington as garbed in the toga of a Roman senator destroys its unity and makes it unsatisfactory as a work of art. Why? Because that toga is at variance with the facts of his own life, with our own conceptions of him, and with every American ideal. It thrusts itself immediately upon our notice; we forget Washington and think only of a Roman senator. As a work of art it does not accomplish its purpose because this one detail clashes with all others, and prevents that perfect blending, balance, and harmony of detail which make for unity.

So it is with public speaking. Every sentence, argument, illustration, and physical or vocal expression must center in and apply to the one object the speaker has in view. Anything irrelevant or unnecessary, regardless of its intrinsic interest or worth, must be eliminated. A story or anecdote may be good and well told; it may even please those who hear it, but if it have no bearing on that which is the central idea, fact, or object of his address, the speaker will lose in effectiveness because he has destroyed the unity of his discourse. Even though the story be applicable, if he be too long in telling it, he will sever the connection between what follows and what precedes it, and thus destroy the unity of his remarks.

Young speakers are prone to err in this matter. An illustration, a quotation, or even a single word often catches their fancy and so they decide to use it regardless of the setting which they give it. High sounding phrases, elab-

oration of minor details are subversive of unity of thought and expression.

Principality and Subordination. These are mutually dependent and both are attributes of unity. Their simplest application is well illustrated in any complex sentence having several subordinate clauses. However, it is the logical rather than the grammatical application of these factors that is here treated. The whole of any speech or literary production should readily be divisible into certain parts which are fundamental, i. e., principal, and to these all others should be subordinate and in logical relation. The physical and vocal manifestation of these relations have been treated in Part I. Their rhetorical phase is the one which concerns us here, and which, by the way, every speaker should consider as being of equal importance with physical and vocal interpretation.

For purpose of simple illustration the following selection will be briefly analyzed:

“A child sleeps under the rose bush fair;
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years glide by.

“A maiden stands by the rose bush fair,
Dewy blossoms perfume the air.
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest—
And the years glide by.

“A mother kneels by the rose bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the autumn air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes,—
And the years glide by.

“Naked and lone stands the rose bush there,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound—
And the years glide by.”

This is the poet's story of the passing years and the joys and hopes and tears they bring to all. All these follow in changeful but steady procession to the grave. The lapse of time, the never ending stream of years is the principal thought which runs through the whole poem. Against this as a background, so to speak, he pictures in each stanza the leading fact of every period of human life. In the first stanza, childhood is the principal theme; in the second, maidenhood; in the third, motherhood, and in the fourth, the last act in the drama of life. All this innocence and joy, hope and love, loss and grief, however significant and overshadowing in importance they may have been to the individual, are insignificant and of brief duration when contrasted with the great stream of time upon whose surface they appeared like bubbles, and like bubbles vanished. As an atom to infinity, so is human life to eternity. Observe how nicely every thought in each stanza subordinates itself to the principal theme of that stanza. The buds, May time, the sweet dreams of infancy spoken of in the first stanza are all in unity with the idea of childhood, and properly associated with it. In the second, the bud has burst into blossom, the summer air is fragrant with its perfume which is all-pervading like love that fills and thrills the soul. All this harmonizes with the idea of maidenhood. If the words “buds” and “blossoms” were transposed it would mar the unity of the thought. In the third and fourth stanzas the sighing, whirled, and withered leaves, the

autumn season and the new made mound are in unity with the central idea of each stanza. Nothing unnecessary is introduced, nothing digressive from the central thought, nothing disproportionate or inharmonious. So a speaker should marshal his facts and thoughts, and make that which is of minor significance stand in proper subordination to that which is principal.

It is the business of the reader or speaker not only to recognize these rhetorical relations of principality and subordination but also to give them proper expression by vocal and physical means, otherwise they are of no effect. For instance, if the reader should speak the last line of each stanza in the above poem rapidly, it would not be in unity with the idea of the years that "glide" (not dash) steadily by; or, suppose he does speak them slowly, but makes a quick nervous gesture to right or left, does he not destroy the unity of the thought by the action? Again, if he allows the rhythm of the lines to dominate him, he will probably land with almost vindictive force on the last word of each line and "break" the thought. "Child" not "fair" is principal in the first line; and in others it is "buds," not "air" "sweetly" not "flies" and so on.

Some of the points in the above analysis are so simple and apparently self evident that calling attention to them would seem unnecessary if not absurd. Listening to the average person as he reads these lines, however, will amply justify this insistence upon "simple things."

Gradation and Climax. These differ from each other in extent rather than in content. Both present thoughts in series so as to reveal growing significance, interest or intensity. When such a series consists of clauses or sentences which grow in significance, interest or in tensity

of feeling until the climacteric word is reached, it is called gradation. It may vary considerably in length. A speaker may use several gradations in the course of his address especially if he use the emotional or volitional form of appeal. His conclusion or peroration in such a case is nearly always made in the form of gradation of thought and feeling, its purpose being a final summing-up of previous matter and an increasing fervor of appeal as he approaches the end of his speech. Rightly used, it is very effective. A good illustration may be found in Burke's closing appeal to the house of Lords in his famous arraignment of Warren Hastings.

The following lines will illustrate a climax of interest:

"Many a time and oft have you climbed to walls and battlements, to towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops!—to see great Pompey pass."

The arrangement of the thought is such as to show graduated interest. Those who climbed to walls and battlements were interested in Pompey's passage; those who climbed higher to towers and precarious window seats revealed even greater interest; while those who took the risk of perching on chimney tops certainly manifested the greatest possible interest.

A climax of significance:—

"Rats! They fought the dogs, and killed the cats, and bit the babies in their cradles; ate the cheese out of the vats, and licked the soup from the cook's own ladles; split open the kegs of salted sprats, made nests inside men's Sunday hats; and even spoiled the women's chats by shrieking and squeaking in fifty different sharps and flats."

The above really consists of four distinct climaxes, each one having for its purpose the graduated significance of

rodent boldness and impudence. Fighting dogs, killing cats, and biting babies is boldness in the first, second and third degree, as it were; but for the highest degree of boldness and impudence, nothing can surpass their spoiling women's chats. The whole is, of course, a climax of humor.

A climax of intensity:—

“If I were an American as I am an Englishman, as long as foreign troops were quartered in my country, I never would lay down my arms. Never! Never! Never!”

This is clearly a climax of intensity. The repetitious use of “never” simply reveals the speaker's growing indignation and firmness of resolve. It may be rendered vocally in two ways: by increasing the force on each repetition of the word, or by speaking the first two with increasing loudness and changing to a tense aspirate on the third. The latter probably is the more effective.

Classify and render the following gradations and climaxes:—

Through the still night came the piercing cry of “Fire! fire! fire!”
 “——And the tumultuous throng vented its hate in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance.”

“You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!”

“And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?”

“For I am still possessed of that for which I did the murder: my crown, my own ambitions, and my queen. May one be pardoned and retain the offense?”

“Signor Antonio, I am married to a wife which is as dear to me as

life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world are not esteemed by me above thy life.”

“In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. ’Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!”

—Cowper.

“Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am gentle with these butchers! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of time. Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood! Over thy wounds do I now prophesy,—which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips to beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:—A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; domestic strife and fury shall cumber all the parts of Italy; blood and destruction shall be so in use, and dreadful objects so familiar, that mothers shall but smile when they behold their infants quartered by the hand of war; all pity choked with custom of fell deeds; and Cæsar’s spirit, ranging for revenge, with Ate by his side, come hot from hell, shall in these confines with a monarch’s voice cry ‘Havoc!’ and let slip the dogs of war; that this foul deed shall smell above the earth with carrion men groaning for burial.”

—Shakespeare’s Antony.

Transition. Going from one topic or form of address to another in speaking or reading is called transition. Thus, there is a transition from the introductory remarks to the body of the address, and in this, from one topic to another

or one emotional state to another; and finally, from the body of the address to its conclusion. These must be made with due regard to the change of rate, tone, pitch, force, and other means of expression, physical as well as vocal, which may be necessary to show the change in topic, treatment, or purpose. Failure to do this obscures, more or less, the connection of thoughts, and the delivery of the speaker is likely to be too lifeless or too vehement. Especially while using the emotional or volitional form of appeal is the speaker likely to confuse or even to distress his audience by too long continued force or tone of appeal. Man's nature is such that his attention can not be agreeably held by any one form of appeal beyond a certain time. This applies also to the discriminative type of utterance in which appeal is made to his reason. No matter how logically arranged and well presented the thought may be, after a certain time he tires of it, and demands a transition, if only for a little while, to some other form. The knowing speaker, especially if his audience be composed of young people or of people below the average in intellectual training, will make frequent transitions from the discriminative to the descriptive form of appeal by a judicious use of anecdote or story.

Transitions must be shown vocally and physically in accordance with all the conditions that call for certain means of expression singly or in combination, as has been fully discussed under proper headings in preceding chapters. The following dialogue taken from the "Merchant of Venice" offers good opportunity to the student for studying the transition in tone, time, pitch, rate, bearing, attitude and gesture which are necessary in order to show the

frequent change of sentiment and purpose as one speaker follows the other.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts and every part a ducat, I would not draw them—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? The pound of flesh which I demand of him is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it! If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice, I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court, unless Bellario, a learned Doctor whom I have sent for to determine this, come here today.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! Courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock, meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. You can not better be employed, Bassanio, than to live still, and write mine epitaph. (Shylock whets his knife.)

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog, and for thy life, let justice be accused. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, and to hold opinion with Pythagoras, that souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of men;—for thy desires are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous!

Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond, so thou offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud; repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to careless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. O, here I take it is the Doctor come.—(Enter Portia dressed like a doctor of laws.)—You are welcome, take thy place. Art thou acquainted with the difference that holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the Merchant here, and which is the Jew?

—Shakespeare.

“Today I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped,

and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the praetor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amidst the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that bleeding piece of clay! And the praetor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I die like dogs.

—Kellogg.

Contrast. This is another rhetorical factor of speech which may be used to advantage, in description or appeal to the will. Just as one color stands out more prominently when placed against another, so thoughts in antithesis gain in force and impressiveness. This is well illustrated in Ingersoll's dramatic description of alcohol quoted in a previous chapter. The following "Advice to an Advocate" by Judge Story serves as an excellent example of contrast and the re-enforcement it gives to thought, especially when an appeal to the will is made.

"Be brief, be pointed, let your matter stand
Lucid, in order, solid, and at hand;
Spend not your words on trifles, but condense;
Strike with mass of thoughts, not drops of sense;
Press to the close with vigor, once begun,
And leave (how hard the task) leave off when done;
Who draws a labored length of reasoning out,
Puts straws in lines for winds to whirl about;
Counts but the sands on oceans boundless shore;
Who draws a tedious tale of learning ore.
Victory, if gained, is gained by battles fought,
Not by the numbers, but by the forces brought.
What boots success in skirmish or in fray,

If rout or ruin, following, close the day?
What worth a hundred posts maintained with skill,
If these all held, the foe is victor still?
He who would win his cause, with power must frame
Points of support, and look with steady aim;
Attack the weak, defend the strong with art,
Strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart.
All scattered fires but end in smoke and noise,—
The scorn of men, the idle play of boys.
Keep, then, this first great precept ever near;
Short be your speech, your matter strong and clear;
Earnest your manner, warm and rich your style;
Severe in taste, yet full of grace the while;
So you may reach the loftiest heights of fame,
And leave, when life is past, a deathless name.”

Repetition. The repeated use of exactly similar words, phrases or sentences serves the purpose, especially in reading, of emphasis by reiteration rather than by force or other means. In climaxes of intensity there is, of course, not only reiteration but growth in force; in most cases, however, repetition gives emphasis and prominence to thought without the use necessarily of increased force of utterance. Read Tennyson’s “Revenge,” and Longfellow’s “King Robert of Sicily” and “The Old Clock on the Stairs,” to find good illustrations of repetition and its effects. The following poem, “The Boys’ Return,” by John Hay, is also a good illustration of how a thought—in this case the dominant one of the whole poem—may be given emphasis and prominence without the use of the vocal element of force.

“There’s a happy time coming when the Boys come home!
There’s a glorious day coming when the Boys come home!
Then will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory,
In a sunburst of glory when the Boys come home!

The day will seem brighter when the Boys come home!
For our hearts will be lighter when the Boys come home!
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them—when the Boys come home!

Our love shall go to meet them 'till the Boys come home!
To bless them and to greet them when the Boys come home!
And the fame of their endeavour
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the nation's heart forever,—when the Boys come home!"

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. How does pronunciation differ from articulation?
2. Bring to class a list of ten words you recently have heard mispronounced. Use each correctly in a sentence.
3. How is the principle of unity concerned in public speaking?
4. What preparation or training will insure unity?
5. Find for yourself an illustration of principality and subordination and make a brief oral analysis of your selection before the class.
6. Compose a climax or gradation of your own and be prepared to give it before the class.
7. Of what use is transition in speaking?
8. What is the function of contrasts in speaking?
9. Illustrate in a selection of your own the use and purpose of repetition.
10. Be prepared, if called upon to do so, to give an oral outline of this chapter.

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CHAPTER XII

PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS OF SPEECH

The Speaker. Some of the things which might properly come up for discussion in this chapter have received sufficient attention in previous chapters under the heads of physical and vocal means of expression, such as tone, which is inseparable from emotion, and force, which is the vocal symbol of volition. Time, pause, rhythm, tone-colors, and other factors of speech also have their psychological side. Nothing more will be said of these except incidentally. The factors which will receive attention here are less specific in character, and will be divided into two groups: those pertaining to the speaker himself and those which apply to his audience. Those pertaining to the speaker will be considered first.

His Honesty. This factor is perhaps moral in character rather than psychological, yet the line of cleavage is not very distinct. Moral principles are not wholly separable from judgment, which is a psychological process. The successful speaker must first of all be an honest man, honest not only in financial matters, but in all his business, professional and social relations, and with himself. Public speaking is by no means simply a matter of words; it is a matter of man as well. The man behind the speech is all important. If he be dishonest in any sense of the term, his power as a speaker is gone—though he may still be a good entertainer. Dishonesty, moreover, can not be hidden from his audience, at least not for long. Lincoln's famous aphorism of not fooling all of the people all of the time

applies here. Even if a speaker's past life be not known to his audience, still, if he is dishonest, it will reveal itself in divers ways and destroy the good effect of his speech.

The great Webster lost his powerful influence as a leader of the North after his famous Faneuil hall speech, in which, abandoning for the hope of political gain the principles of the anti-slavery Whigs, of which he had been a valiant defender, he plainly truckled to the demands of the Southern wing of his party. Whether accused justly or unjustly, the fact remains that his contemporaries regarded his attitude as dishonest with himself and them, and his leadership was ended. It is only charitable that we of today interpret his action as being an effort to reconcile his divided party, or more, to avert the disunion of his beloved country in consequence of the great civil war which he saw was impending.

A certain clergyman of great ability and power of speech was wont to dress too modishly, and to be too solicitous about his personal appearance in the pulpit. It seems ridiculously insignificant to even mention it, yet he never made a gesture without first making sure by deft manipulation of his fingers that his cuffs were visible exactly to the right extent. Before striking a favorite—and evidently studied—attitude, and putting his left hand into his trouser pocket, he would always clutch the front of his Prince Albert with his right hand, and with the left gracefully drape the skirt of his coat over his wrist as his hand sought the pocket. This action always disclosed just the right expanse of white waistcoat and did not wrinkle the coat at the shoulder, and did not draw the collar back from the neck. He was gracefulness incarnate, but vanity incorporate. He was dishonest with the meek and lowly Naza-

rene whose gospel of humility he preached. He was not long in charge of any church, and finally of none.

No speaker can successfully delude an audience by a counterfeit tone quality intended to suggest exalted feeling, sincerity or conviction, or deep sympathy. The tone must be an honest orotund or an honest tremolo, as the case might be. This applies to every means of expression he may employ, and to his logic, and his motive.

His Conviction. Conviction is the outgrowth and associate of definite and sufficient knowledge. Some people are credited with having convictions, when a better name would be prejudice, or superstition. A speaker must know whereof he speaks. The impression of mystery which this leaves upon an audience begets confidence in the speaker, a condition without which no man can exercise leadership. "He spake as one having authority," was characteristic of all the public utterances of the great Galilean. Not a line did he write, so far as is known. The Christian religion is founded upon his *spoken* words, every word carrying with it the power of conviction which masters men. It is interesting to note, also, that neither Confucius nor Socrates made any use of writing; they depended upon the spoken word alone to carry that conviction which should make disciples and adherents out of those who heard them. The written word can never convince and sway men as does the word spoken by a master who himself is thoroughly convinced of the truth and justice of what he proclaims. Let the aspiring young speaker then, first convince *himself* by honest reason; for unless he have conviction he can not convince others

Courage. Sometimes men are called upon to exercise physical courage, more often moral courage; the successful

speaker must have both. History teems with examples of this. Luther at Worms, Savonarola at Florence, Patrick Henry before the Virginia Assembly, Garrison and Phillips at Boston, Beecher before the textile workers at Manchester, John Wesley, Abraham Lincoln, Bryan, Robert La Follette,—all these speakers and leaders of men had the courage of their convictions. These are but few of a long and illustrious list. All of them met violent opposition; all of them jeopardized position, livelihood, and some of them life itself, in standing for and proclaiming their convictions. Sneers, contempt, ridicule, social ostracism, and threats deterred them not. Such courage commands admiration, wins respect, and ultimately triumphs. The successful speaker therefore must be a man of convictions, and, what is of far greater importance, he must have the courage to stand by them.

Imagery. Imagination is often undervalued as a necessary part of a public speaker's equipment. To be unimaginative is by some considered to be indicative of superior mentality. As a matter of fact it is just the reverse. Not only in poetry is imagination necessary, but in architecture, mechanics, business, and all human activities which are constructive and progressive. The architect must be able to visualize the building before it is constructed or even planned on paper; the inventor must see possible relations and probable effects before he builds his contrivance; the entrepreneur must have a clear image of his undertaking before it is complete, and he must make others see that image, too, if he would enlist their financial support. No great railroad was ever constructed through the wilderness, over the prairies or under the mountain, that did not first have existence in the imagination of its promoter. True it

is that railroad building is largely a matter of transit and chain, plow and scraper, shops, machines, and infinite toil, yet all these follow in the wake of the imagination of him who could imagine the plain turned into countless farms, and dotted with growing towns and villages; who, before the blast of whistle, the whirr of machinery, and the turmoil of traffic became a reality, could hear and see these things, and make others hear and see them by appealing not only to their reasoning, but also to their imagination. The city beautiful is first a dream and then a reality. Imagination enters as a factor into any well heralded business prospectus as largely as it does into "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." What is a prospectus but a "seeing before"?

So, too, the successful public speaker must be a seer in the sense that his imagery be good. He can describe no more than he himself sees or feels. He must be eyes and ears to his audience, and have imagination and dramatic instinct.

Power of Suggestion. This is cognate to the imagination and related also to the will. The law of suggestion is an established and well known fact of psychology. "Examples speak louder than words"; and so they do. A speaker's life, all the qualities of his manhood, his earnestness, his motives, his manners, are potentially suggestive of good, of right thinking, and conduct to others, especially to those who hear him often. The power of suggestion may be seen in a child who unconsciously imitates the language or mannerisms of its teacher. Who has not felt the uplift, the high resolve, or the encouragement which some speaker suggested by his personality rather than by his words? There is, moreover, a power on the part of the speaker of suggesting a larger, richer meaning than can be

given to words alone. There is a telepathy between speaker and audience which carries from the former to the latter a larger meaning, a deeper feeling, a fuller purpose, than can be revealed by words alone. This touches on what has been said of musical properties of speech in previous chapters. The speaker should always have a large reserve of information, and feeling. This suggests itself to his hearers and superadds a subtle influence and meaning to his spoken words.

Memory. A good memory is a valuable mental asset to any one, but particularly to the public speaker or reader. Kipling's invocation ending with the words "lest we forget" appeals strongly to all who speak in public. The fear of forgetting is an ever present one, and with young speakers, a contributory cause of stage fright. This raises the question whether it is not better to use copious notes, or even a full manuscript, while speaking, than to run the chance of forgetting and suffer the consequent humiliation and loss of effect. While this expedient might be advisable, or at least permissible, in the earlier stages of one's training and experience, it certainly could not be satisfactory or conducive to effective speech when adopted as a permanent custom or rule. More occasions arise for extemporaneous speaking than for formal address. The speaker who has accustomed himself to the use of notes or manuscript is at a decided disadvantage on such occasions. Moreover, it is a slavish method, consumptive of much time and effort which might be used to better advantage; and it can never be so pleasing and effective from the point of view of those who listen. Any organ grows stronger by proper use, and weaker by disuse. The same is true of memory notwithstanding the contention by some psychologists that it is a

quality of mind that can not be improved. The weight of opinion and experience of most people incline to the opposite view. Doubtless, there is as much charlatanism in many, if not most, of the advertised systems of memory training, and mnemonic props, as there is in the world of patent medicine; yet this fact should not cause one to reject all suggestions that may be offered as being helpful in developing the retentive quality of mind. The following suggestions are offered neither as a panacea for memory faults nor as being original. They are quite the common experience and observation of all who have given the subject careful thought.

1. Thoroughness of preparation is given first because it is considered of prime importance. "That of which the heart is full the mouth runneth over." What student has not discovered for himself that his ability to recite a lesson in class is measured chiefly, if not solely, by the thoroughness of his previous preparation? The speaker who leaves nothing undone which he could have done by way of preparing his speech, seldom need have fears of forgetting any part of it when he stands before his audience. He may, just before mounting the platform, have dismal forebodings; his memory may desert him as he attempts hastily to run over the leading topics in their proper order, or to formulate his opening sentences; but once before his audience, and catching the encouragement that comes from the sound of his own voice, his memory clears, words and sentences come in proper order, and he goes on triumphantly to the end.

2. Orderly thinking and logical arrangement of subject matter are a part of this preparation, and in themselves are aids to the memory. System, association of ideas with

each other and with specific divisions of a general outline should be made. Like a series of steps, one leads logically and easily to the next.

3. Intensity of interest on the part of the speaker in what he has to say is sure to stimulate all his mental processes, including his memory. It will, in addition, lead him to forget self, which is fundamentally essential in good speaking. A bashful child may be led to talk unrestrainedly when its interest is sufficiently aroused. A remark commonly heard is, "I can't talk fluently 'till I get a little mad," that is to say, until the interest becomes intense.

4. Repetition is an important aid; but rehearsals should be *in toto*, not piecemeal. In other words, it is easier to commit and retain a whole topic by repeating it a given number of times, than by dividing it into parts and trying to learn each separately before taking up the next.

Following the above suggestions will not make a poor memory good; that is a promise no one can make with reference to any system, however widely advertised. The best that can be done is to improve the memory within its own limitations.

The Audience. As suggested in the introductory chapter, the audience contributes in no small measure to the success of a speech that is made before it. This fact is not so generally recognized by speakers as it should be. The following five topics are, among others, germane to this subject and will be briefly discussed in the order given: size, character, motive, environment, humor.

Size. Men in large numbers think and act differently than they do as isolated individuals or in small groups. They are more primitive in thought and emotional expression than they are as individuals. In fact, they are more

emotional than thoughtful. This describes a tendency rather than an absolute fact; yet a speaker will find that he can not reason in detail so well with a large audience as he can with a small one. His audience will accept conclusions but is impatient of details. It wants to be led; and therefore the emotional and volitional forms of appeal are better than the discriminative. A jurist may reason effectively with twelve men, but when he addresses a large audience he must dilute reason with an appeal to the emotions and the will. A congressman in committee of five or less appeals to the reason of his colleagues; on the floor of the house or on the stump he modifies his method of appeal. The small size of the Senate in contrast with the House is suggestive in this connection. It follows also that a large audience is more inspirational in its influence upon a speaker than a small one can be.

Character. If possible, the speaker should inform himself as to the character of his audience. It will make it possible for him to gauge his remarks accordingly and enhance the effectiveness of his speech. For instance, it matters very materially what he says and how he says it, when his audience is composed largely of young people as compared with an audience of old people. He should speak quite differently before a college audience than he would before an audience of coal-miners with a foreign element preponderating; or, in addressing a body of farmers, he would do well to choose his illustrations so as to harmonize them with their environment and interests. The fundamental principles of public speaking are, of course, fixed and universally applicable, but the question here is one of psychology rather than technique.

Motive. The dominant motive of an audience, the pur-

pose which has called it together, is to some extent a determinant of the speaker's form of appeal. When his hearers come with a certain preparation of mood, they demand something in harmony with that mood. It is indeed a skilful speaker who can deliver a message to his audience which they did not come to hear. The occasion always is an important matter for the speaker to consider, and he should adapt himself to it, unless weightier factors of honesty, courage, or conviction prevent his doing so.

Environment. Daniel Webster could not have delivered his famous Bunker Hill address so effectively elsewhere as he did standing on the ground made sacred by the struggles of patriots to whose memory the great monument was erected which called forth his best efforts on that dedicatory occasion. Lincoln's immortal words at Gettysburg were re-enforced by the hallowed associations of the ground upon which he stood. When Napoleon at the base of the pyramids said, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you!" his words thrilled and inspired to high resolve as they could not have done on the boulevards of Paris. In the presidential campaign of 1896, people wondered and sometimes were disappointed at what they considered just ordinary public speaking when they heard Mr. Bryan from the rear of a Pullman making perhaps his twentieth speech that day. They expected he could and would speak as he did on that memorable day in Chicago when he addressed the national convention of his party with an eloquence which has few equals in the history of any people. They were unmindful of the fact that the environment always has much to do with effective speaking, and that it is a condition which the speaker may take advantage of, but which he cannot control.

Environment has another less romantic though equally important side. The degree of comfort in which an audience may sit or stand while listening to a speaker is a matter that not only governs its receptivity but influences the speaker reflexively. An ill-ventilated hall or church is often responsible for the utter failure of what might otherwise have been a very effective address. Attention is a psychological phenomenon that is closely associated with physiology and physics. A pounding radiator, a snarling arc light, the rumble of passing trains and many other things which are or may be a part of an audience's environment will have their influence on what is said, how it is said, and what its effect is. So far as a speaker can control these conditions by previous arrangement, he should do so. No one factor outside of himself is so important in public speaking as environment, and no people have a moral right to ask a speaker to prostitute his art and his powers under unfavorable environments which by foresight and proper provision they can control.

Humor. There is scarcely a place or occasion where a speaker may not with propriety and good results appeal to the humor of his audience. Refined and kindly humor has not only a psychological and moral effect, but it is physically beneficial at all times. If a speaker can put and keep his auditors in good humor with himself and themselves, his success is assured.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give an example from your own observation of the necessity for honesty in public speaking.
2. Is there any relation between conviction and sincerity on the part of a speaker?

3. Give an illustration from history, other than those in the text, of courage in a public speaker.

4. Consult some text on psychology concerning the imagination and give a brief oral outline of your reading before the class.

5. What illustrations can you give of the power of suggestion?

6. Explain your method of memorizing.

7. What four memory aids are given in this chapter?

8. What five conditions affect the receptivity of an audience?

9. Mention any others that you can think of.

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CHAPTER XIII

CRITICISM

Character and Purpose. Criticism may be either general or specific. In the former case, it is based upon general effects and impressions, and is not technical; in the latter case it includes a consideration of all the accepted principles of public speaking and their application to the speaker and his effort. One is a guess, the other is a measurement. One is too often biased, the other is impartial. There can be no question as to which is the better so far as students' needs are concerned. He should have his attention called to that which is faulty in his delivery, to the end that he may correct errors of which perhaps he is unaware. A friendly glossing-over of error or enthusiastic praise meant to be encouraging too often defeats its own purpose. Of course, it is not argued that criticism, in order to be helpful, should take into consideration only that which is faulty; that would be mere faultfinding, and therefore discouraging. Criticism should extend also to a recognition and commendation of that which is correct and meritorious. Prejudice always defeats the purpose of discerning criticism, and never can be either just or helpful.

Basis. All the physical and vocal means of expression which a speaker uses, singly and in combination, to reveal his purpose may be considered a fair basis of criticism. We are concerned here only with his delivery. Such criticism should be both technical and personal in character, the former including a comparison of the speaker's tech-

nique with accepted standards, and the latter relating to his personal judgment and peculiarities. This dual form of criticism is of sufficient importance to merit further discussion under separate topical heads.

Technical Criticism. All that relates to bearing, attitude, gesture, texture, and pantomime; and all that relates to vocal means of expression, such as time, inflection, tone, force, musical properties of speech, and the like, constitute technical criticism. Thus, a speaker's bearing, or gestures, may be at variance with accepted standards; his rate of utterance or tone may not be in expressional harmony with the character of his thought or emotions; his inflections may reveal faulty relations or contrasts; his articulations may be bad and his grouping worse; or any of these, considered apart from its logical use, may be faulty in execution: all such things are properly taken into consideration when making a technical criticism of his delivery.

Personal Criticism. This takes into consideration all that is peculiar to the individual, and makes proper allowance for variations from the accepted standards of the critic in so far as they do not interfere with the clarity of thought or manifestation of purpose on the part of the speaker. It is in this form of criticism that critics are prone to err. Too much insistence upon conformity to accepted standards is unfair to the speaker and destructive of the charm of originality. As said in a previous chapter, there can be no absolute standard of time, or pitch, or force, or for that matter, of any physical or vocal means of expression so far as they apply to the individual. Fast time with one may be medium time with another, relatively speaking; and yet in both instances there may be correct interpretation of thought and manifestation of purpose. This is true of

every vocal means, and of the style and frequency of gesture. These variations are due to temperamental differences and, far from being wrong, they lend the charm of variety and originality to expression.

It can not be too strongly emphasized, however, that the critic should not in any case excuse error on the ground of temperament or individuality. Poor articulation can under no circumstance be overlooked. If the speaker's rate is so fast as to blur the edges of his words, the score on this point must be against him, no matter what his temperament or habitual rate of utterance may be. Likewise, if he do not speak slowly relatively to what is his medium rate when he is dealing with thought or emotion, which by every standard require a slow rate, then, too, he is guilty of faulty expression. No consideration of temperament or individuality can excuse nasality of tone; or rising inflection when the relation of thought is complete. Prolonged monotone or force can be justified on no grounds.

Furthermore, it may be said that personal criticism should include consideration of a speaker's judgment in arranging his subject matter and in presenting his facts in such relationships as will most strikingly and effectively appeal to his hearers. Perhaps an illustration from the art of painting may, by analogy, serve to make this more clear.

A few years ago there appeared in several magazines, in connection with a certain advertisement, an illustration of a little girl, attired for the night, kneeling at her bedside in prayer. At her right were arranged in solemn line all her dolls, also in an attitude of prayer, their mis-shapen and fragmentary arms extended upward, and leaning for support against the overhanging coverlet. They were of various size and shape and condition of efficiency: some were

minus a complete set of limbs, and others were indifferently clad, and one, in the course of its strenuous existence, had lost all its hair, and disclosed a large round hole in the top of its head suggestive of brainless vacuity. That was all; and yet, that picture "took" at once. It was copied in oil by amateurs and professionals far and wide, and now greets the eye in many places. Wherein lies the success of the original artist? Surely not in technique alone. Anyone clever with pencil or brush might have drawn quite as well as he the picture of a bed, or a kneeling child, or her dolls. His art lay not so much in the execution of these details of technique as in the judgment, or, perhaps better, as in the imagination which *associated* these details in one picture. The tender meaning, the sweet trust, the humor and innocence of childhood, all these human interests were revealed by the artist's judgment in the association of details.

So it is in speaking. The rich store of English words is open to all. Each stands for an idea; and out of a comparatively small number of them every great piece of our forensic literature has been constructed. Art lies in their proper,—it were perhaps better to say,—in their unusual and striking association. The judgment which the speaker displays in choosing his words, arranging his facts, and associating all in such a way as to appeal most directly and forcibly to his audience; and the legitimate latitude of individuality of expression which he enjoys, are the true basis of personal criticism.

A Suggestive Score Card. A horse, or steer, or other domestic animal, is scored by competent critics on a definite number of "points." The same is done in grain-judging. This is considered the only scientific method of determining the relative excellency of animals, or grains or butter, or

whatever the product may be. Doubtless it is. There appears to be no reason why any ponderable product could not be subjected to the same kind of expert criticism based on an accepted number and standard of points. Judges of public speaking, however, are not as a rule so finely discriminating. Usually they are asked to judge the relative merits of speakers on "general effect" only. In other words, they are asked to make the best kind of guess possible. This often results in basing their decision on last impression, or on only one, or at best, a few, points of excellence, which stand out prominently in delivery. This is haphazard and unreliable. It is true a speech is not so easily judged as a pound of butter, not only because it stands higher as an "art product," but because it is not materially tangible, and does not afford opportunity for repeated inspection. The spoken word or physical action are momentary in execution and can not be recalled for review. Nevertheless, there is for the most part in every speech a sufficient continuity and recurrence of vocal and physical phenomena to enable a critic with the aid of a score card to note the essential points of excellence and to formulate judgments that are at least more nearly accurate than a guess could be.

Take, for instance, articulation as one "point" for scoring. It is safe to say that if a speaker articulates poorly during any dozen of his sentences he will do so throughout. The critic may make his score for this point and dismiss it from further consideration. He may then take up other essential points and, for the most part, dismiss each from further attention when the score is made. At the conclusion he may make such revision as his definite memory justifies; and may also score such points as must necessarily be left

to the last because of their incomplete character till the last word is spoken.

Just what points should appear on such a score card will doubtless occasion some difference of opinion. Such differences exist with reference to score cards of any kind. The following one is intended to be suggestive and helpful to students when called upon to criticise the platform work of their classmates. The use of this card will not only insure a fair degree of accuracy in judgment, but will afford excellent practice to the student-critic in reviewing frequently the essential factors of public speaking of which he has made a study.

Score Card for Judging Public Speaking

Name of speaker: Adam Reasoner. Date: Aug. 8, 1910. Subject: Conservation of Moisture in Soils.

Bases of Criticism.	Values.	Score.	Remarks.
I. TECHNIQUE:			
1. Vocal 55	.. 35	
a. Articulation	10 ..	2 ..	
b. Pronunciation	5 ..	4 ..	
c. Time	10 ..	8 ..	
d. Inflection	5 ..	3 ..	
e. Tone	10 ..	6 ..	
f. Force	5 ..	5 ..	
g. Musical properties..	10 ..	7 ..	
2. Physical action.....	.. 20	.. 17	
a. Bearing	5 ..	4 ..	
b. Attitude	3 ..	3 ..	
c. Gesture	12 ..	10 ..	
II. PERSONAL JUDGMENT			
in all that pertains to mani- festation of purpose.....	.. 25	
Totals 100	.. 74	
Signature of critic:			I. C. RICHTER.

Explanation. The above form has been filled in to show its use. The whole is a brief consideration of what has been said in this chapter, and, to some extent, of what has been treated in preceding chapters under the head of vocal and physical means of expression. The values assigned in the first two columns are purely arbitrary and a matter of personal judgment with the author. The scores given in the third and fourth columns are assumptions and apply only to the supposed case. Objections will doubtless be made to the relative weights assigned to the points to be scored. These may be changed to suit the judgment of individual critics; and, until there is a definite fixation of content and weight by some widely recognized oratorical association, score cards like the above will be variable and must continue to be merely the result of personal judgment.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Distinguish between general and specific criticism.
2. What should be the purpose of all criticism?
3. What is the basis of criticism?
4. Use the suggested score card in passing judgment on the next sermon or lecture you hear, and report your findings to the class.

CHAPTER XIV

PARAPHRASING FOR PRACTICE

Definition and Purpose. Paraphrasing is translating thought into words other than those into which it originally appears. The word translating has no reference here to changing from one language into another, as from Latin into English, but merely from one form of expression to another in the same language. Its purpose is more fully to reveal the thought, and may be used to advantage by the student in public speaking as a platform exercise. To mentally paraphrase all one reads is an excellent habit, because it insures a clearer picture and a better grasp of content than can be obtained by any other method. It takes a longer time to read a given selection in this manner, but this is a virtue rather than a fault. It is safe to say that most readers do not get the whole thought-content of what they read, simply because they read too fast, and do not take time to make a mental paraphrase of it. To use a familiar phrase, they do not "read between the lines." This is especially true with reference to the reading of subject matter which is rich in thought or imagery but condensed in form of expression, such as poetry, and thoughtful prose. Many a student's inaccuracy of information in any study is due largely to defective and superficial reading. Such a student could not do better than to study the nature and purpose of paraphrasing, and to form the habit of mentally paraphrasing all he reads. It will result not only in a better understanding of what he reads, but it will lead to greater facility

of expression. Impression precedes expression, and thoroughness in the former leads to forcefulness in the latter.

Used as a platform exercise in public speaking, oral paraphrasing is productive of excellent results. This form of its use will be treated a little later.

Forms of Paraphrase. The different forms of paraphrasing may be classified as follows: literary, expansive, elliptical, condensative, prosaic, objective, subjective, and pantomimic. Most of these terms are self-explanatory, and some of them are inclusive of others. Thus, excepting the last one, all of the above named forms are literary paraphrases, and most of them may be either expansive or condensative. The following definitions briefly given will show the distinguishing feature of each form:

Literary paraphrasing is translating thought into other words.

Expansive paraphrasing is translating thought into more words.

Elliptical paraphrasing is translating thought into other words by adding related or suggested subject-matter.

Condensative paraphrasing is translating thought into fewer words.

Prosaic paraphrasing is translating thought from poetry into prose.

Objective paraphrasing is translating thought into other words to better reveal the content of a piece.

Subjective paraphrasing is translating thought into other words to better reveal the intent of the speaker.

Pantomimic paraphrasing is translating thought into physical action.

Utility. Keeping in mind the above distinctions is a matter of secondary importance: the essential thing is for the

student *to paraphrase*. It matters little what form he uses, the general purpose and the benefits derived are the same. Illustrative applications of a few forms will be given, so that the student may easily use the others whenever desired.

“Weary and wounded and worn, wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn, on the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone, he sang the Song of the Sword;
Fight—fight—fight! though a thousand fathers die;
Fight—fight—fight! though a thousand children cry;
Fight—fight—fight! while mothers and wives lament,
And fight—fight—fight! while millions of money are spent.

“Fight—fight—fight! should the cause be foul or fair,
Though all that’s gained is an empty name, and a tax too great to bear;
An empty name, and a paltry fame, and thousands lying dead;
Whilst every glorious victory must raise the price of bread.

“War—war—war! fire and famine and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns, and thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home, and never a shed, whilst kingdoms perish and fall;
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead—and all for nothing at all.

“War—war—war! musket and power and ball;
Ah, what do we fight for? Ah, why have we battle at all?
’Tis justice must be done they say, the nation’s honor to keep;
Alas, that justice should be so dear, and human life so cheap!”
And thus with sad and terrible tone (Oh, would that these truths
were more perfectly known!) he sang the Song of the Sword.

—Anonymous.

A prosaic paraphrase of the above poem might be made as follows:

A soldier, weary, worn, and fatally wounded, lay on a battlefield, alone and forlorn. His comrades, driven on by the lash of necessity or the lust of slaughter, had abandoned him to an audience of dead and dying men. To these he lifted up his voice, more in soliloquy than direct address, but all in terrible arraignment of war and its horrors.

It's fight to the death! though it cost the lives of a thousand breadwinners, though it spill the early tears of grief upon childhood's innocent cheek, and wither wives and mothers with despair. Millions of money that would build good roads, and schools, and churches, and play-grounds;—money that would refresh the desert with liquid life and make it the scene of peace and plenty,—all, all is squandered in war.

Fight and die! regardless of cause, regardless of result. Thousands slain for what? Perhaps for a cause insignificant when contrasted with the cost,—perhaps even that the name of one man might be emblazoned in glory on the scroll of history, and his personal ambition glutted! Thousands idle in a land of potential plenty, and thousands crying for bread!

War, inexorable, needless war! Fruitful fields and prosperous towns made desolate by fire. Thousands scattered by famine and the sword, driven from happy homes, denied the shelter of even a shed, plunged in misery,—in misery to die. Kingdoms and nations which were centuries in building destroyed in a day.

This! this is war! The adjustment of difference among rational beings by a resort to arms; the enthronement of brute force and the overthrow of reason! Oh, why should men seek each other's lives in battle? Is it to establish justice, and to maintain a nation's honor? Can the individual delegate to government a power he himself has no right to use?

Such were the thoughts which escaped in gruesome gasps from the lips of the dying soldier.

The preceding paraphrase is prosaic in form, but it combines other forms with it also. It is somewhat subjective

in character because it stresses the personal attitude of the speaker; it is in part elliptical, also, in that it adds related and suggested matter.

The following soliloquy of Brutus concerning the proposed death of Caesar is itself an objective paraphrase of the thought in the first line, in that the following lines merely enlarge on the reasons for his death. Both the original of Shakespeare, and an objective—expansive paraphrase follow:—

“It must be my his death; and yet
I know no personal cause to spurn at him.
But for the general. He would be crowned;
How that might change his nature, there’s the question.
It’s the bright day which brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him—that,
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.”

There is no other way of averting national disaster but by his death; and yet I have no personal wrong to avenge. ’Tis but for the general good of all that I suggest this course. I know he is ambitious to wear a crown and wield a royal scepter. How that might change him from a moderate man to a tyrant-monster is indeed a pertinent question; for it is a well known fact that venomous serpents come forth only on sunny days, and make it wise for one to have a care where he treads. So it is with human nature. The bright sunshine of prosperity, and above all, the lurid glare of power, too often evoke all that is vile and vicious in man. Crown him? Ay, do that, and I well foresee the disaster he is like to bring upon us all.

Paraphrasing, particularly in its subjective form, often helps to determine the form of appeal by revealing clearly

the speaker's intent. Bryant, in one of his beautiful tributes to Spring, uses the words, "Is this a time to be gloomy and sad?" The inherent volitional appeal of this line becomes all the more apparent when paraphrased somewhat as follows:

When birds are singing, balmy breezes blowing, and the glorious sun in his new strength is bursting every bond of winter, will you persist in harboring sad and gloomy thoughts? Banish them; cheer up; and take new life and courage with every breath.

As said before, paraphrasing may be either mental or oral. Mental paraphrasing has been illustrated in the foregoing selections. Some such mental process ought to take place in all thoughtful reading; and reading that is not thoughtful is wasted time and effort. One need not necessarily think out a paraphrase in complete sentences in silent reading, or, for that matter, in oral reading; but the purpose should be to make a conscious amplification of the thought or picture contained in the printed words as one reads. This fullness of appreciation enhances the reader's enjoyment, and, if he read orally, suggests something to the listener of what is held in mental reserve.

A further utility of paraphrasing lies in its adaptability as a platform exercise. The student should take numerous selections from standard literature and orally paraphrase them as in the foregoing illustrations. This should be done not only before the class, but privately as often as opportunity allows. Here, as in the practice of vocal and physical exercise, repetition and persistence of effort alone insure desirable results. Too great dependence should not be placed upon practice in class. The opportunities in most cases can not be of sufficient frequency. Paraphrasing for

expression can be carried on at odd moments that can not otherwise be advantageously employed, while out for a walk, or during such moments of leisure as come to all. It was by a similar process that Henry Clay began the development of that power and facility of speech for which he was noted. As a chore-boy on the farm he would utilize his scraps of spare time in making extemporaneous speeches to the four-footed denizens of barn or pen on any subject or sentiment that came to his mind. Practice, practice is necessary, for speaking is an art.

When considerable facility of expression has been acquired from paraphrasing selections from literature, let the student try his ability to expansively paraphrase thought or sentiment expressed in brief form. Such as the following will serve the purpose:

Commencement time will soon be here.

Improve your opportunities.

The Fourth of July.

My home town.

Manhood and money.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Work.

Sunshine and shadow.

The lilies of the field.

"Listen, I hear a sound of footsteps."

Each of the above doubtless suggests immediately a train of thought: put these thoughts into sentences as they occur to you, and allow yourself to express in proper tone and action the feelings that come with them.

A variation of this exercise may be carried out in the following manner: Have in mind some picture or scene which has left a deep impression, and then try to describe it. Put into disconnected words intended only to be suggestive, such a picture or scene might be outlined as follows:

A potato field—evening—sunset—hoe—barrow—a peasant, cap in hand, head bowed in prayer.

These few ideas were incorporated by an artist into a painting which won him great fame. Expand them into a word-painting. Here are others containing suggestive material for expansive paraphrase:

Storm at sea—collision—great danger—wireless call for help—response—rescue—romance of science.

Winter—crescent moon—deep snow—high hill—forest background—village in valley—twinkling lights—famished wolf at edge of timber—looks down into valley.

Vacation—forest stream—dawn—tent—boat—dog—man—campfire.

Heart of the city—delivery wagons—trucks—motors—street cars—pedestrians—stores—offices—action—why?

Bank of England—marble columns—crippled pauper sits on steps—outstretched palm—passing throng—why?

Commencement day—auditorium—senior class—address—diplomas—fond parents—prospects.

Each of these scenes, and many others that should readily suggest themselves, may be made the basis of an oral paraphrase given before the class. These outlines as they stand are indeed very meagre; but this is intentional. Their purpose is merely to awaken thought and to stimulate the imagination. The beginner may be discouraged at his slow progress, but if he continue to practice regularly and make intelligent and earnest effort to improve with each trial, he

can not fail of being rewarded by an increased readiness of speech, which will be noticeable after a short season of honest effort, not only to himself but to others also. As a further illustration of how such paraphrase might be worked out by the student, the following one, based on the first scene suggested in the above list, is offered:

A Rescue at Sea

The ocean is never uninteresting; but when its waters are lashed into fury by a driving gale, it becomes a spectacle at once sublime and awful. The storm clouds riven by lightning; the deep reverberations of thunder never elsewhere so sonorous; the hissing and shrieking wind piling the waters in tumultuous confusion,—all these phenomena of the deep, if they do not oppress the beholder with fear, certainly fill his soul with something like reverential awe.

It was in such a storm as this that, a little while ago, two vessels were driven together in headlong collision. One, with a large wound in her bow, through which the water rushed with appalling force into her interior, was doomed to sink with all her precious freight of human life; the other, also disabled, and because of stress of wind and wave, was powerless to render assistance.

In this extremity a man at his post of duty in the hold of the stricken vessel began to send out the wireless call for help. These Marconigrams of distress sped in all directions through the night and the storm to other ships at sea, and to stations on the land, hundreds of miles, aye, a thousand miles away! Miracle of science! they were received and recorded in a score of places. Answering messages came from all around bidding the helpless crew to keep up courage. Turning from their course, speeding out of harbor

under forced draught, vessels of all descriptions came rushing through the heaving seas toward the scene of tragedy. Merchantmen, yachts, big liners, and a huge man-of-war,—engine of destruction but now bent on an errand of mercy—all these plowed their impatient course through the raging waters to the one spot in all the vast expanse of ocean where human life was waiting, waiting to be saved.

The rescue was accomplished in triumph; and, when the last man had been removed from the deck of the doomed vessel, she sank into her watery grave.

Transcendent glory of human achievement compared with which the splendor of sun and stars, and all the wonders of land and sea, seem tame and uninteresting! Romance of science compared with which all fiction seems a dull reality!

Each of the suggested scenes is capable of similar expansion. Let it not be supposed that these scenes are unreal. They are not; all have been taken from real life and are founded on fact. The further criticism that the language suggested as being properly descriptive of such scenes is unusual and therefore unserviceable to the practical speaker who deals with commonplace facts, may be answered in several ways. Such an exercise will help the student to accumulate and fix a vocabulary, which, if extensive enough to vividly describe the unusual, will certainly be adequate to his needs when dealing with the commonplace. It will stimulate his imagination,—a very necessary part of the equipment any speaker should have, and will induce to repeated endeavor, when the commonplace ceases to interest. It will call into use a greater number and variety of expressional means than would be necessary with the commonplace. Only the speaker whose abilities are

largely and widely trained can be equal to all occasions, whether it be to extemporize before a farmers' institute on the best methods of seeding and growing alfalfa, or to make a formal address on more general subjects. The aim of the student in public speaking should be high: he probably will hit low enough to satisfy his desire to be "practical."

CHAPTER XV

SUGGESTIVE PLATFORM WORK

Mastery of the principles which underlie any art must necessarily precede execution. It is true that one may draw, or paint, or "play by ear," or make a public speech after a certain fashion without having given much, if any, study to fundamental principles. The fact that this is done makes it also true that all drawing, or painting, or playing, or public speaking is not art. Indeed, one is inclined to the opinion that little of it is artistic, and that ideals in all these accomplishments are commonly too low. This is particularly true of public speaking and private conversation. Even among professional people whose duties often require them to appear in public address or lecture, the attention that is given to the transmission of their message is often very slight. Some go so far as to take a certain pride in paying no attention whatever to that part of their preparation which has to do with their physical and vocal means of expression. The expert agronomist or animal husbandman, whose business it is to carry his helpful message to rural audiences, but who does not know how to control his voice and give it carrying-power; who does not group his thought units properly; or who has not even ordinary training in the art of public speech, falls far short of accomplishing his good purpose. Time without number, speakers who are experts and scholars in their respective fields, and whose public utterances are looked forward to with expectancy

and interest, disappoint their audiences because they fail to make themselves heard; or because of some peculiar mannerisms of speech and stage deportment which attract attention to themselves and partially, at least, weaken the content and force of their message.

All this is avoidable if only sufficient care and attention be given to the fundamentals of good speaking. For the beginner who intends privately to make a study of public speaking, and for the student who takes up the study in class, the best order of procedure which experience has proven effective is as follows: First, a study of principles; second, application of these principles to the interpretation of selected literature; third, application of these principles to the interpretation of original thoughts. This is the order which has been followed in the text. The student is now supposed to be reasonably familiar with the fundamentals of technique as they have been presented, and to have had some practice in the interpretation of illustrative selections. He is now ready to practice public speaking in which the thought, arrangement and motive are his own.

In all probability the character of the subjects he will choose to discuss will be in line with the college course he is taking, and with his probable future interests and activities. This is well; and, as a help to him in carrying out such a plan, a list of suggestive subjects has been prepared and classified to correspond to the courses of study usually offered in colleges and universities. Subjects for occasional addresses are also given.

In every instance, and whatever the length of the address may be, it should consist of three parts: (1) the introduction, (2) the discussion, or body of the address, and (3) the conclusion. Let us suppose, as an illustration, that a student

in domestic science is assigned to platform work. She may choose some subject that relates to her major work in college, and prepare an address of such length as time will permit or the instructor specify, and deliver it before the class, which, in this instance, is supposed to be a ladies' club, or an audience of farmers' wives, or a Chautauqua assembly. She will adapt her remarks to the assumed character of her audience. If the class be supplied with score cards as outlined in the preceding chapter, and if these are kept on file for reference, her effort may receive specific criticism, which she may read at her leisure and to her probable profit. The instructor's criticism will probably follow immediately.

In similar manner a student in agronomy may discuss some subject connected with his work, and make his address to an assumed audience of farmers; an engineering student may be supposed to address a commercial club or the common council of some progressive city which is agitating the construction of a new sanitary sewer system, or the installation of a municipal power plant. He may discuss materials for construction, estimates of cost, and advantages to be derived. Such an address would likely be both discriminative and volitional in form of appeal. Again, the student, for the sake of variety, may assume that he has been called upon to deliver an Independence day speech, or a memorial address. In any or all of these assignments for practice the student should take his opportunity seriously, and should make a conscious effort to improve with each appearance and to overcome the faults of delivery which have been pointed out to him by his instructor, or which an intelligent self-analysis has called to his own attention.

SUBJECTS FOR PLATFORM DISCUSSION

Relating to the Farm

1. The advantage of selection in seed corn.
2. The Campbell system of soil culture.
3. Alfalfa and hogs.
4. Silos and dairying.
5. Rotation of crops.
6. Farm management.
7. Crop selection.
8. The preservation of humus in the soil.
9. The nature and treatment of smut in corn.
10. Methods of spraying fruit trees.
11. The boll weevil.
12. Life history and ravages of the codling moth.
13. Eradication of the San José scale.
14. Tree surgery.
15. Rural co-operation.
16. Balanced ration for beef cattle.
17. The marketing of live stock
18. The attitude of farmers to schools of agriculture.
19. How to keep the boy on the farm.
20. Rural schools and churches.

Relating to Domestic Science and Art

1. A girl's preparation for life.
2. The art of bread-making.
3. How to set a table and serve.
4. The question of domestic help.
5. Deep fat-frying.
6. How to eat an orange. (Demonstration.)
7. Pies and pie making.

8. Frozen deserts.
9. Color schemes for home decoration.
10. Emergency helps.
11. Home sanitation.
12. An elementary course in cooking for grade schools.
13. An elementary course in sewing for grade schools.
14. Protein in food.
15. The carbo-hydrates.
16. The family budget.
17. Parent's relation to public play-grounds.
18. Help for the farmer's wife.
19. Music in the home.
20. Dietetic cooking.

Relating to Engineering

1. The King road-drag and rural roads.
2. Irrigation projects.
3. Suggestive course in manual training for schools.
4. Internal combustion engines.
5. The Panama canal.
6. Steam turbines.
7. The construction and operation of the monorail car.
8. Experiments for testing the tensile strength of steel.
9. Types of classic architecture.
10. Principles of the truss.
11. The tantalum lamp.
12. D. C. and A. C. machines in contrast.
13. Dynamo winding.
14. Re-enforced concrete construction.
15. Farm mechanics.
16. Wireless telegraphy.
17. Valve gears.

Relating to Medicine

1. Hoof-rot in animals.
2. Experiments with hog-cholera serum.
3. Fresh air in the treatment of tuberculosis.
4. Treatment for lumpy jaw.
5. Toxic effect of the loco weed.
6. Injurious parasites.
7. Sanitary regulations for municipalities.
8. The stygomia and yellow fever.
9. Antidotes for common poisons.
10. Asphyxiation and methods of resuscitation.

Relating to Law

1. Contracts.
2. The nature of corporation.
3. Liability of agents.
4. Torts.
5. The basis of appeal to Federal courts.
6. Government by injunction.
7. The true basis of personal rights.
8. A critique of police-court methods.
9. Professional ethics.
10. The jury system: its history and reform.

Relating to Art and Literature

1. The pre-Shakespearean literature of England.
2. The Romance school in literature.
3. History of the drama.
4. The novel of today.
5. The Renaissance in art and literature.
6. Commercialism in art.
7. Music and music masters.
8. The form and function of poetry.

9. An estimate of Tolstoi.
10. Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture.
11. Irish Orators.
12. Four great American poets.
13. Joel Chandler Harris and his writings.
14. Shakespeare.
15. Victor Hugo and Dickens: a contrast.
16. Great epics of the world.
17. Literature a photograph of national life.
18. The reading habit; its results and rewards.
19. The Bible in literature.
20. Historical development of the English language.

Relating to Special Occasions

A.—Banquet toasts.

1. Toastmaster's speech.
2. The guest of the evening.
3. A junior-senior roast.
4. The event we celebrate.
5. Alma mater.

B.—Independence day.

6. Our flag.
7. Our nation's past and future.
8. Patriotism and partisanship.
9. Destiny of America.
10. Obligations of citizenship.

C.—Memorial day.

11. Our patriot-dead.
12. Abraham Lincoln.
13. "Cheers for the living, tears for the dead."
14. Not only to die, but to live for one's country.
15. The moral effect of this day.

D.—Commencement.

16. What is an educated man?
17. Education ; efficiency ; service.
18. The relation of schools to the state.
19. The cost and profit of higher education.
20. The new education.

E.—Inaugural address of—

21. The mayor of a city.
22. The president of a literary society.
23. A Sunday school superintendent.
24. The president of a labor union.
25. The president of a ladies' club.

F.—Farewell address of—

26. A senior to his society.
27. A pastor to his congregation.
28. A teacher to his (her) pupils.
29. A guest to the city which entertained him.
30. A president of any society or club.

G.—Dedication of a—

31. Church.
32. School.
33. Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. building.
34. Monument to soldiers and sailors.
35. Municipal playground.

H.—Address of welcome by—

36. A college president to returning and new students.
37. A city mayor to any convention.
38. The president of a commercial club to distinguished guest.
39. A leading citizen to returning congressman.
40. A toastmaster to principal guest at a banquet.
41. An appropriate response to each of the above.

**SELECTIONS FOR ANALYSIS AND
INTERPRETATION**

SELECTIONS FOR ANALYSIS AND INTERPRETATION

To Instructors and Students:—

The following selections have been gathered from various sources and are intended to supplement the illustrative material quoted in the preceding pages; and to offer the student convenient material for platform work in class. Some of these selections are complete, but most of them are extracts from speeches which, if published entire, would increase the size of the book with little, if any, corresponding advantage to the student. However, these extracts are sufficiently full to illustrate the type of utterance and the style of the speaker. A number of selections from general literature have been given for the sake of variety, and to stimulate interest. These selections are representative of many peoples and periods of history. They should be carefully read by the student, and, as far as time permits, they should receive attention in class in the way of analysis and vocal interpretation. A critical study and the mastery of a few selections is of greater value and benefit to the student than the indifferent reading of many.

DESCRIPTIVE TYPE

1. EVENING ON THE FARM

J. T. Trowbridge

Over the hill the farm boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;

 The early dews are falling—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm boy goes,
 Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!'"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!'"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

 The cooling dews are falling.
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
 His cattle calling.

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!'"
While still the cowboy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!'"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Looing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling.
The new milk heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with a tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So', boss! so', boss! so'! so'! so'!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So', so', boss! so'! so'!"

To supper at last the farmer goes;
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So', boss! so'!"

2. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

John W. Daniel

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mood; and the difficulty, if such there be, in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled

nearly a half century of his life and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance; the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior—in calm, grave and resolute repose—ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because he did not reflect that no greater heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The Commander of Armies, the Chief of a People, the Hope of Nations could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its undertones . . .

When Marathon had been fought and Greece kept free each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor, but all agreed that Miltiades was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature of which time holds record was thus happily concluded in the monument of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universa

suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of the empire in the first degree of greatness; whom liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great Republic of Humanity.

3.

THE BELLS

Edgar Allen Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells,
 Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night;
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seems to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
 Keeping time,
 In a sort of Runie rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells.
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight
From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon.
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells.
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarm bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night,
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higer, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale faced moon.
Oh, the bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair.

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horrible outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air.
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people, ah, the people!
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone.
 They are neither man nor woman,
 They are neither brute nor human;
 They are ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls.
 And he rolls
 A pean from the bells;
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pean of the bells,
 And he dances, and he yells,
 Keeping time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

4. EULOGY OF BENJAMIN H. HILL

J. J. Ingalls

Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country. Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another form, whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in another senate

than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

These are the unsolved and insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality is a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Of all the dead whose obsequies we have paused to solemnize in this chamber, I recall no one whose untimely fate seems so lamentable and yet so rich in prophecy as that of Senator Hill. He had reached the meridian of his years. He stood upon the high plateau of middle life in that serene atmosphere where temptation no longer assails, where the clamorous passions no more distract, and where the conditions are most favorable for noble and enduring achievement. His upward path had been through stormy adversity and contention such as infrequently falls to the lot of men. Though not without the tendency to meditation, reverie, and introspection which accompanies genius, his temperament was palestric. He was competitive and unpeaceful. He was a born polemic and controversialist, intellectually pugnacious and combative, so that he was impelled to defend any position that might be assailed or to attack any position that might be intrenched, not because the defence or assault was essential, but because the positions were maintained and that those who held them became

by that fact alone his adversaries. This tendency of his nature made his orbit erratic. He was meteoric rather than planetary, and flashed with irregular splendor rather than shone with steady and penetrating rays. His advocacy of any cause was fearless to the verge of temerity. He appeared to be indifferent to applause or censure for their own sake. He accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached, without inquiring whether they were politic or expedient.

To such a spirit partisanship was unavoidable, but with Senator Hill it did not degenerate into bigotry. He was capable of broad generosity, and extended to his opponents the same unreserved candor which he demanded for himself. His oratory was impetuous and devoid of artifice. He was not a posturer or phrasemonger. He was too intense, too earnest, to employ the cheap and paltry decorations of discourse. He never reconnoitered a hostile position, nor approached it by stealthy parallels. He could not lay siege to an enemy, nor beleaguer him; nor open trenches, nor sap and mine. His method was the charge and the onset. He was the Murat of senatorial debate. Not many men of this generation have been better equipped for parliamentary warfare than he, with his commanding presence, his sinewy diction, his confidence and imperturbable self-control.

But in the maturity of his powers and his fame, with unmeasured opportunities for achievement apparently before him, with great designs unaccomplished, surrounded by the proud and affectionate solicitude of a great constituency, the pallid messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart. There are few scenes in history more tragic than that protracted combat with death. No man had greater inducements to live. But in the long struggle against the inexorable advance of an insidious and mortal malady, he did not falter nor repine. He

retreated with the aspect of a victor, and though he succumbed, he seemed to conquer. His sun went down at noon, but it sank among the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn.

With more than a hero's courage, with more than a martyr's fortitude, he waited the approach of the inevitable hour and went to the undiscovered country.

5.

THE NEW SOUTH

Henry W. Grady

The new South is enamored of her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has any excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of the brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held

the balance of battle in His almighty hand, and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspirations, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

6. CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND

Victor Hugo

It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which he leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous

little crowd of sandflies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with each step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ship upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up,

he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain and opens like a wave.

ULTIMATE AMERICA

Joseph Cook

Once in the blue midnight in my study on Beacon Hill, in Boston, I fell into long thought as I looked out on the land and on the sea; and passing through the gate of dreams, I saw an angel having charge of America stand in the air, above the continent, and his wings shadowed either shore. Around him were gathered all who at Valley Forge and at Andersonville and the other sacred places suffered for the preservation of a virtuous Republic: and they conversed of what was, and is, and is to be. There was about the angel a multitude whom no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and tribes and tongues, and their voices were as the sound of many waters. And I heard thundering and saw lightnings and the majesty of his words above that of the thunders.

Then came forth before the angel three spirits whose garments were as white as the light; and I saw not their

faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth, Washington and Lincoln and Garfield. And behind them stood Hampden and Tell and Miltiades and Leonidas and a multitude who had scars and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach diffusion of liberty. We will heal America by equality." And the angel said: "Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient."

Meanwhile under emigrant wharves, and under the hovels of the perishing poor, and under crowded factories, and under the poisonous alleys of the great cities, I heard, far in the subterranean depths, the black angels laugh.

Then came forward before the angel three other spirits, whose garments were as white as light, and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Franklin and Hamilton and Irving. And behind them Pestalozzi and Shakespeare and Bacon and Aristotle and a multitude who had scrolls and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of intelligence. We will heal America by Knowledge." And the angel said: "Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient."

Meanwhile, under the emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and under Washington, and under the scheming conclaves of man acute and unscrupulous, and under the many newspaper presses, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys of the great cities, I heard the black angels laugh.

Then came forward before the angel three other spirits whom I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call by name known on earth—Adams and Jefferson and Webster. And behind them stood Chatham and Wilberforce and Howard and the Roman Gracchi and a multitude who had keys and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach diffusion of property. We will heal

America by self respect of ownership." And the angel said: "Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient."

Meanwhile, under emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys of the suffocated great cities, I heard yet the black angels laugh.

Then came, lastly, forward before the angel three other spirits, with garments white as light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Edwards and Dwight and Whitefield. And behind them stood Wickliffe and Cramner and Wesley and Luther and a multitude who had harps and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of conscientiousness. We will heal America by righteousness." Then the angel arose, and lifted up his far-gleaming hand to the heaven of heavens, and said: "Go. Not in the first three, but only in all four of these leaves from the tree of life, is to be found the healing of the nations—the diffusion of liberty, the diffusion of intelligence, the diffusion of property, the diffusion of conscientiousness. You will be more than ever efficient, but not sufficient."

I listened, and under Plymouth Rock and the universities there was no sound; but under the emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and under Wall Street, and in the poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard yet the black angels laugh; but, with the laughter there came up now from beneath a clanking of chains.

Then I looked, and the whole firmament above the angel was as if it were one azure eye; and into it the ten thousand times ten thousand gazed; and I saw that they stood in one palm of a Hand of Him into whose face they gazed, and that the soft axle of the world stood upon the finger of another palm, and that both palms were pierced. I saw the twelve spirits which had gone forth and they joined

hands with each other and with the twelve hours, and moved perpetually about the globe; and I heard a voice, after which there was no laughter: "Ye are efficient, but I am sufficient."

ROME THE ETERNAL

Cardinal Manning

I know of no point of view in which the glory of Rome is more conspicuous than in its civil mission to the races of the world. When the seat of empire was translated from Rome to Constantinople, all the culture and civilization of Italy seemed to be carried away to enrich and adorn the East. It seemed as if God had decreed to reveal to the world what His Church could do without the world, and what the world could do without the Church. A more melancholy history than that of the Byzantine Empire is nowhere to be read. It is one long narrative of the usurpation and insolent dominion of the world over the Church, which, becoming schismatical and isolated, fell easily under its imperial masters. With all its barbaric splendor and imperial power, what has Constantinople accomplished for the civilization or the Christianity of the East? If the salt had kept its savor it would not have been cast out and trodden under the feet of the Eastern Antichrist.

While this was accomplishing in the East, in the West a new world was rising, in order, unity, and fruitfulness, under the action of the Pontiffs. Even the hordes which inundated Italy were changed by them from the wildness of nature to the life of Christian civilization. From St. Leo to St. Gregory the Great, Christian Europe may be said not to exist! Rome stood alone under the rule of its pontiffs, while as yet empires and kingdoms had no existence. Thus, little by little, and one by one, the nations

which now make up the unity of Christendom were created, trained and formed into political societies. First Lombardy, then Gaul, then Spain, then Germany, then Saxon England; then the first germs of lesser states began to appear. But to whom did they owe their laws, the principles, and the influences which made their existence possible, coherent, and mature? It was to the Roman Pontiffs that they owed the first rudiments of their social and political order. It was the exposition of the Divine law by the lips of the Vicar of Jesus Christ that founded the Christian policy of the world.

Thus, the Church has been able to do without the world, and even in spite of it. Nothing can be conceived more isolated, more feeble, or more encompassed with peril, than the line of the Roman Pontiffs; nevertheless, they have maintained inviolate their independence with their sacred deposit of faith and of jurisdiction, through all of the ages and through all conflicts, from the beginning to this hour. It seemed as if God willed to remove the first Christian emperor from Rome in the early fervor of his conversion, lest it should seem as if the early sovereignty of the Church were in any way the creation of his power. God is jealous of His own kingdom and will not suffer any unconsecrated hand to be laid upon His ark, even for its support.

The "stone cut without hands," which became a great mountain and filled the whole earth, is typical, not only of the expansion and universality of the Church, but of its mysterious and supernatural character. No human hand has accomplished its greatness. The hand of God alone could bring it to pass.

What is there in the history of the world parallel to the Rome of the Christians? The most warlike and imperial people of the world gave place to a people unarmed and without power. The pacific people arose from the Cata-

combs and entered upon the possession of Rome as their inheritance. The existence of Christian Rome, both in its formation, and in its perpetuity, is a miracle of Divine power. God alone could give it to His people; God alone could preserve it to them, and them in it. What more wonderful sight than to see a Franciscan monk leading the Via Crux in the Flavian Amphitheatre, or the Passionate missionaries conversing peacefully among the ilexes and the vaults where the wild beasts from Africa thirsted for the blood of the Christians? Who has prevailed upon the world for one thousand five hundred years to fall back as Attila did from Christian Rome? Who has persuaded its will and paralyzed its ambitions and conflicting interests? Such were my thoughts the other day when the Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded by the princes and pastors of the Church, was celebrating the festival of the Resurrection over the Confession of St. Peter. I thought of the ages past, when, in the Amphitheatre of Nero, within which we stood, thousands of martyrs fell beneath the arms of the heathen. And now, the Rex Pacificus, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, there holds his court and offers over the tomb of the Apostle the unbloody sacrifice of our redemption. The legions of Rome have given way before a people who have never lifted a hand in war. They have taken the city of the Cæsars, and hold it to this day. The more than imperial court which surrounded the Vicar of Jesus Christ surpassed the glories of Empire. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." The noblest spectacle upon earth is an unarmed man whom all the world cannot bend by favor or by fear. Such a man is essentially above all worldly powers. And such, eminent among the inflexible, is he, the Pontiff and King, who, in the midst of the confusions and rebellions of the whole earth, bestowed that day his benediction upon the city and the world.

9. THE FASHIONABLE SCHOOL GIRL

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who had grown comfortably well-off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse and delivery wagon, to convey his daughter and trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative Pa! I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of gathered it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hobbles towards home.

"Pa, dear," surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey? quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, Pa; you don't understand me; I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he

bought it to deliver pork in; but the conversation appeared to be traveling in a lonesome direction, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate Ma!" and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman with spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well there, Papa, now you're shou—I mean I consider it far too beyond. It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense! And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, half full—"but how about your books—readin' writin' grammar, rul o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't. The rule of three! Grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine art that have made my school life the boss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but!"

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything, and this plum preserve is simply a poem itself!"

The old man arose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning, he rapped smartly on the plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:—

"Maria! Me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of a fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust upstairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy dress-gown and put on a caliker, an' then come down an' help your mother wash the dishes. I want it distinctly understood that ther' ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative Pa an' Ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

10. EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

George W. Curtis

When he first spoke at Faneuil Hall some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Edward Everett upon the Academic platform. From all of these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster, and Everett, and Clay there was always a great organized party, or an intrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion. They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of political traditions, and of established institutions, Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig nor a Democrat, or the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the new orator, announced a new spirit.

It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned into his words. With no party behind him, and appealing against the established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under the cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it—how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote, and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

“Pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say his body thought.”

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

11.

ON THE ICE

Anonymous

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic,"—that was all; but I heard someone bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend upon; but it is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world"—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through

among the "heathen Chinees," and he was grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalks.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madame Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow and through the path of life, I shall be your stay and support; your—" he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate; and as I passed she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court-house next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the first two points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our firm stand, and—" his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

12. PRUSSIA AND THE NEW CONSTITUTION

Bismark

Gentlemen, it has pained me to see Prussians here, and not only nominal Prussians, who adhere to this Constitution and warmly defend it; it has been humiliating to me, as it would have been to thousands and thousands of my countrymen to see the representatives of Princes, whom I honor in their lawful sphere, but who are not my sovereign lords, to see them invested with supreme power; and the bitterness of this feeling was not softened at the opening of

this Assembly by my seeing the seats on which we sit adorned with colors which were never the colors of the German Empire, but, for the last two years, rather the badge of rebellion and barricades—colors which, in my native country, apart from the democrats, are only worn in sorrowful obedience by the soldier. Gentlemen, if you do not make more concessions to the Prussian, to the old Prussian spirit—call it what you will—than you have hitherto done in this Constitution, then I do not believe in its realization; and if you attempt to impose this Constitution on this Prussian spirit, you will find in it a Bucephalus who carries his accustomed lord and rider with daring joy, but will fling to the earth the presuming Cockney horseman, with all his trappings of sable, red and gold. But I am confronted in my fear of these eventualities by the firm belief that it will not be long before the parties come to regard this Constitution as the two doctors in Lafontaine's fable did the patient they had just left. "He is dead," said one, "I said he would die all along." "Had he taken my advice," quoth the other, "he would still be alive."

13.

EULOGY OF LINCOLN

H. W. Beecher

Even he who now sleeps, has by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he now speaks to men who willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which in their time passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his

memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right, and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of his country shake out of place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

You I can comfort, but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? Thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort Thy people of old, to Thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pallbearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome. Your sorrows, O, people, are his peace. Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound

triumphant in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on.

14.

ORATOR PUFF

Thomas Moore

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, the other down so;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

O, Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough!

But he still coughed away, 'spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
"My voice is for war," asked him, "Which one of them, pray?"

O, Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough!

Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking fund," the last words, as his noddle came down.

O, Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough!

"Oh, save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones.

"Help me out! Help me out! I have broken my bones!"

"Help you out!" said a Paddy, who passed, "What a bother!
Why there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"

O, Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough!

15.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Father Prout

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,

And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate.
But all their music spoke naught like thine,
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard the bells tolling "old Adrain's Mole" in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

16.

THE HUMAN VOICE

O. H. Holmes

I grieve to say it, but our people, I think, have not generally agreeable voices. The narrowing organisms, with skins that shed water like the backs of ducks with smooth surfaces neatly padded beneath, and velvet linings to their

singing pipes, are not so common among us as that other pattern of humanity, with angular outlines and plain surfaces, arid integuments, hair like the fibrous covering of the cocoanut in gloss and suppleness as well as color, and voices at once thin and strenuous—acidulous enough to produce effervescence with alkalies, and stridulous enough to sing duets with the katydids. I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons, who may have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance— young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full-dress, engaged in loud strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition, were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me it is because I tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in all my life that frightened me by their sweetness. . . . They made me feel as if there might be constituted a creature with such a chord in her voice to some string in another's soul, that, if she spoke, we would leave all and follow her, though it were into the jaws of Erebus. Our only chance to keep our wits is, that there are so few natural chords and this string in our souls, and that those which at first may have jarred a little by-and-by come into harmony with it. But I tell you this is no fiction. You may call the

story of Ulysses and the Siren a fable, but what will you say to Mario and the poor lady who followed him?

Whose were those two voices that bewitched me so? They both belonged to German women. One was a chambermaid, not otherwise fascinating. The key of my room at a certain great hotel was missing, and this Teutonic maiden was summoned to give information respecting it. The simple soul was evidently not long from her motherland and spoke with a sweet uncertainty of dialect. But to hear her wonder and lament and suggest, with soft liquid inflexions, and low, sad murmurs, in tones full of serious tenderness for the fate of the lost key as if it had been a child that had strayed from its mother, was so winning that, had her features and figure been as delicious as her accents—if she had looked like a marble Clytie, for instance—why, all I can say is . . . I was going to say that I should have drowned myself. For Lake Erie was close by; and it is so much better to accept asphyxia, which takes only three minutes by the watch, than a mes-alliance, that lasts fifty years to begin with, and then passes along the line of descent (breaking out in all manner of boorish manifestations of feature and manner, which, if men were only as short lived as horses, could be readily traced back through the square roots and cube roots of the family stem on which you have hung the armorial bearings of the De Champignons or the De la Morues, until one came to beings that ate with knives and said “Haow?”), that no person of right feeling could have hesitated for a single moment.

The second of the ravishing voices I have heard was as I have said, that of another German woman—I suppose I shall ruin myself by saying that such a voice could not have come from any Americanized human being . . . It has so much woman in it—muliebrity, as well as femininity—no self-assertion, such as free suffrage introduces into every word and movement; large, vigorous nature, running

back to those huge-limbed Germans of Tacitus, but subdued by the reverential training and tuned by the kindly culture of fifty generations. Sharp business habits, a lean soil, independence, enterprise, and east winds are not the best things for the larynx. Still, you hear noble voices among us—I have known families famous for them—but ask the first person you meet a question, and ten to one there is a hard, sharp, metallic, matter-of-business clink in the accents of the answer, that produces the effect of one of those bells which small trades-people connect with their shop-doors which spring upon your ear with such vivacity as you enter, that your first impulse is to retire at once from the precincts.

17. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Thomas Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

New fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, inglorious Milton—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to the throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscience truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH,
A YOUTH TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN;
FAIR SCIENCE FROWNED NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARKED HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE;
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENSE AS LARGELY SEND.
HE GAVE TO MISERY—ALL HE HAD—A TEAR,
HE GAINED FROM HEAVEN ('T WAS ALL HE WISHED)
A FRIEND.

NO FURTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DEAD ABODE,
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,)
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.

18. BROTHER WATKINS

J. B. Gough

My beloved brethering, before I take my text, I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! Behind them sat the middle aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance, and as they looked up, I could see in their dreamy eyes—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath School. Many times they had been rude and boistrous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence, I could hear—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! Around on the back seats and in the aisles, stood and sat the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts,

and as I looked upon them, I could see a—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a look at the old church—ah! the broken steps, the flopping blinds, the moss-covered roof, suggested only—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! I mounted my old grey mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle bags, and as I passed down the street the servant girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought gathered around to say—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! as best they could—ah! I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from the fence-corner with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road, my old grey mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! I tell you my brethering, it is affecting to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years—ah!

19.

A CATASTROPHE

Anonymous

On a pine woodshed, in a dark alley, where scattered moonbeams, shifting through a row of tottering chimneys and awnings torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth, with stiff and tense-drawn muscles and peculiar tread, a cat.

His name was Norval; on yonder neighboring sheds his father caught rats that came in squads from the streets beyond Depont, in search of food and strange adventure. Grim war was courted, and his twisted tail and spine upheaving in fantastic curves, and claws distended, and ears flatly pressed against a head thrown back defiantly, told of impending strife. With eyes a-gleam and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with tail awag triumphantly. Then with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath in direst vengeance hissed—he started back, and crooking his body like the letter S, or like an inverted U (), stood in fierce expectancy. ‘Twas well. With eyeballs glaring and ears aslant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slap up a post from out the dark below, a head appeared. A dreadful tocsin of determined strife young Norval uttered, then, with a face unblanched and muscles standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitation to the foe. Approaching each other, with preparations dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they walked, tails uplifted and backs high in the air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate. Twice around they went in a circle, each eye upon the foe intently bent, then sidewise moving—as is wont with cats—gave one long-drawn, terrific, savage yeow, and buckled in.

20.

NAPOLEON

Ingersoll

A little while ago I stood by the tomb of the first Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost

for a dead deity; and here was a great circle, and in the bottom there, in a sarcophagus, rested at last the ashes of that restless man. I looked at the tomb and I thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. As I looked, in imagination I could see him walking up and down the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I could see him at Toulon; I could see him at Paris, putting down the mob; I could see him crossing the bridge of Lodi, with the tricolor in his hand; I saw him in Egypt fighting battles under the shadow of the pyramids; I saw him returning; I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of Italy; I saw him at Marengo; I saw him at Austerlitz; I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the blast smote his legions, when death rode the icy winds of winter. I saw him at Leipsic; hurled back upon Paris; banished; and I saw him escape from Elba, and retake an Empire by the force of his genius. I saw him at the field of Waterloo, where fate and chance combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands behind his back, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea; and I thought of all the widows he had made, of all the orphans, of all the tears that had been shed for his glory; and I thought of the woman, the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said to myself, as I gazed, I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes, and lived in a little hut with a vine running over the door, and the purple grapes growing red in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor French peasant, to sit by my door, with my wife knitting by my side, and my children upon my knees, with their arms around my neck; I would rather have lived and died unnoticed and unknown except by those who loved me, and gone down to the voiceless silence of the dreamless

dust; I would rather have been a French peasant than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder who covered Europe with blood and tears.

DISCRIMINATIVE TYPE

I.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION

Alexander Hamilton

Sir, it appears to me extraordinary, that while gentlemen in one breath acknowledge that the old Confederation requires many material amendments, they should in the next deny that its defects have been the cause of our political weakness, and the consequent calamities of our country. I cannot but infer from this, that there is still some lurking, favorite imagination, that this system, with corrections, might become a safe and permanent one. It is proper that we should examine this matter. We contend that the radical vice in the old Confederation is, that the laws of the Union apply only to States in their corporate capacity. Has not every man who has been in our legislature experienced the truth of this position? It is inseparable from the disposition of the bodies who have a constitutional power of resistance, to examine the merits of a law. This has ever been the case with the federal requisitions. In this examination, not being furnished with those lights which directed the deliberations of the general government, and incapable of embracing the general interests of the Union, the States have almost uniformly weighed the requisitions by their own local interests, and have only executed them so far as answered their particular convenience or advantage. Hence there have ever been thirteen different bodies to judge of the measures of Congress—and the operations of government have been distracted by their taking different courses. Those which were to be benefited have complied

with the requisitions; others have totally disregarded them. Have not all of us been witnesses to the unhappy embarrassments which resulted from these proceedings? Even during the late war, while the pressure of common danger connected strongly the bond of our Union, and incited to vigorous exertions, we felt many distressing effects of the impotent system.

From the delinquency of those States who have suffered little by the war, we naturally conclude that they have made no efforts; and a knowledge of human nature will teach us that their ease and security have been a principal cause of their want of exertion. While danger is distant, its impression is weak; and while it affects only our neighbors, we have few motives to provide against it. Sir, if we have national objects to pursue, we must have national revenues. If you make requisitions and they are not complied with, what is to be done? It has been well observed, that to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. A failure of compliance will never be confined to a single State. This being the case, can we suppose it wise to hazard a civil war? Suppose Massachusetts, or any large State, should refuse, and Congress should attempt to compel them; would they not have influence to procure assistance, especially from those States who are in the same situation as themselves? What picture does this idea present to our view? A complying State at war with a non-complying State: Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another: This State collecting auxiliaries and forming perhaps a majority against its federal head. Here is a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself—a government that can exist only by the sword? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be

sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a government.

But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream; it is impossible; then we are brought to this dilemma: either a Federal standing army is to enforce the requisitions, or the Federal treasury is left without supplies and the government without support. What, sir, is the cure for this great evil? Nothing, but to enable the national laws to operate on individuals in the same manner as those of the States do. This is the true reasoning of the subject, sir. The gentlemen appear to acknowledge its force; and yet, while they yield to the principle, they seem to fear its application to the Government.

What then shall we do? Shall we take the old Confederation as the basis of a new system? Can this be the object of the gentlemen? Certainly not. Will any man who entertains a wish for the safety of his country, trust the sword and the purse with a single assembly organized on principles so defective, so rotten? Though we might give to such a government certain powers with safety, yet to give them the full and unlimited powers of taxation, and the national forces, would be to establish a despotism; the definition of which is, a government in which all power is concentrated in a single body. To take the old Confederation, and fashion it upon these principles, would be establishing a power which would destroy the liberties of the people.

2.

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE

Goldwin Smith

What is the sum of physical science? Compared with the comprehensible universe and with conceivable time, not to speak of infinity and eternity, it is the observation of a mere point, the experience of an instant. Are we

warranted in founding anything upon such data, except that which we are obliged to found on them, the daily rules and processes necessary for the material life of man? We call the discoveries of science sublime; and truly. But the sublimity belongs not to that which they reveal, but to that which they suggest. And that which they suggest is, that through this material glory and beauty, of which we see a little and imagine more, there speaks to us a Being whose nature is akin to ours, and who has made our hearts capable of such converse. Astronomy has its practical uses, without which man's intellect would scarcely rouse itself to those speculations; but its greatest result is a revelation of immensity pervaded by one informing mind; and this revelation is made by astronomy only in the same sense in which the telescope reveals the stars to the eye of the astronomer. Science finds no law for the thoughts which, with her aid, are ministered to man by the starry skies. Science can explain the hues of sunset, but she cannot tell from what urn of pain and pleasure its pensiveness is poured. These things are felt by all men, felt more in proportion as the mind is higher. They are a part of human nature; and why should they not be as sound a basis for philosophy as any other part? But if they are, the solid wall of material law melts away, and through the whole order of the material world pours the influence, the personal influence, of a spirit corresponding to our own.

Again, is it true that the fixed or unvarying is the last revelation of science? These risings in the scale of created beings, this gradual evolution of planetary systems from their centre, do they bespeak mere creative force? Do they not rather bespeak something, which for want of an adequate word, we must call creative effort, corresponding to the effort by which man raises himself and his estate? And where effort can be discovered, does not spirit reign again?

A creature whose sphere of vision is a speck, whose experience is a second, sees the pencil of Raphael moving over the canvas of the Transfiguration. It sees the pencil moving over its own speck, during its own second of existence, in one particular direction, and it concludes that the formula expressing that direction is the secret of the whole.

There is truth as well as vigor in the lines of Pope on the discoveries of Newton:

“Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.”

If they could not show a Newton as we show an ape, or a Newton's discoveries as we show the feats of apish cunning, it was because Newton was not a mere intellectual power, but a moral being, laboring in the service of his kind, and because his discoveries were the reward, not of sagacity only, but of virtue. We can imagine a mere organ of vision so constructed by Omnipotence as to see at a glance infinitely more than could be discovered by all the Newtons, but the animal which possessed that organ would not be higher than the moral being.

Reason, no doubt, is our appointed guide to truth. The limits set to it by each dogmatist, at the point where it comes into conflict with his dogma, are human limits; the providential limits we can learn only by dutifully exerting it to the utmost. Yet reason must be impartial in the acceptance of data and in the demand of proof. Facts are not the less facts because they are not facts of sense; materialism is not necessarily enlightenment; it is possible to be at once chimerical and gross.

We may venture, without any ingratitude to science as the source of material benefits and the training school of inductive reason, to doubt whether the great secret of the

moral world is likely to be discovered in her laboratory, or to be revealed to those minds which have been imbued only with her thoughts, and trained in her processes alone. Some, indeed among the men of science who have given us sweeping theories of the world, seem to be not only one-sided in their view of the facts, leaving out of sight the phenomena of our moral nature, but to want one of the two faculties necessary for sound investigation. They are acute observers, but bad reasoners. And science must not expect to be exempt from the rules of reasoning. We can not give credit for evidence which does not exist, because if it existed it would be of a scientific kind; nor can we pass at a bound from slight and precarious premises to a tremendous conclusion, because the conclusion would annihilate the spiritual nature and annul the divine origin of man.

3. THE REPUBLIC NEVER RETREATS

Beveridge

The Republic never retreats. Why should it retreat? The Republic is the highest form of civilization, and civilization must advance. The Republic's young men are the most virile and unwasted of the world, and they pant for enterprise worthy of their power. The Republic's preparation has been the self-discipline of a century, and that preparedness has found its task. The Republic's opportunity is as noble as its strength, and that opportunity is here. The Republic's duty is as sacred as its opportunity is real, and Americans never desert their duty.

The sovereign tendencies of our race are organization and government. We govern so well that we govern ourselves. We organize by instinct. Under the flag of England our race builds an empire out of the ends of earth. In Australia it is to-day erecting a nation out of fragments. In America it wove out of segregated settlements that

complex and wonderful organization called the American Republic. Everywhere it builds. Everywhere it governs. Everywhere it administers order and law. Everywhere it is the spirit of regulated liberty. Everywhere it obeys that voice not to be denied which bids us strive and rest not, makes of us our brother's keeper and appoints us steward under God of the civilization of the world.

Organization means growth. Government means administration. When Washington pleaded with the States to organize into a consolidated people, he was the advocate of perpetual growth. When Abraham Lincoln argued for the indivisibility of the Republic he became the prophet of the Greater Republic. And when they did both, they were but the interpreters of the tendencies of the race. . . .

What of England? England's immortal glory is not Agincourt or Waterloo. It is not her merchandise or commerce. It is Australia, New Zealand and Africa reclaimed. It is India redeemed. It is Egypt, mummy of the nations, touched into modern life. England's imperishable renown is in English science throttling the plague in Calcutta. English law administering order in Bombay. English energy planting an industrial civilization from Cairo to the Cape, and English discipline creating soldiers, men and finally citizens, perhaps, even out of the fellaheen of the dead land of the Pharaohs. And yet the liberties of Englishmen were never so secure as now. And that which is England's undying fame has also been her infinite profit, so sure is duty golden in the end.

And what of America? With the twentieth century the real task and true life of the Republic begins. And we are prepared. We have learned restraint from a hundred years of self-control. We are instructed by the experience of others. We are advised and inspired by present example. And our work awaits us.

The dominant notes in American history have thus far been self-government and internal improvement. But these were not ends only; they were means also. They were modes of preparation. The dominant notes in American life henceforth will be not only self-government and internal development, but also administration and world improvement. It is the arduous but splendid mission of our race. It is ours to govern in the name of civilized liberty. It is ours to administer order and law in the name of human progress. It is ours to chasten that we may be kind, it is ours to cleanse that we may save, it is ours to build that free institutions may finally enter and abide. It is ours to bear the torch of Christianity where midnight has reigned a thousand years. It is ours to reinforce that thin red line which constitutes the outposts of civilization all around the world.

4.

THE AMERICAN FEDERAL UNION

Madison

Give me leave to say something of the nature of the government, and to show that it is perfectly safe and just to vest it with the power of taxation. There are a number of opinions; but the principal question is, whether it be a federal or a consolidated government. In order to judge properly of the question before us, we must consider it minutely in its principal parts. I myself conceive that it is of a mixed nature; it is, in a manner, unprecedented. We cannot find one express prototype in the experience of the world; it stands by itself. In some respects it is a government of a federal nature; in others, it is of a consolidated nature. Even if we attend to the manner in which the Constitution is investigated, ratified and made the act of the people of America, I can say, notwithstanding what the honorable gentleman (Patrick Henry) has alleged,

that this government is not completely consolidated; nor is it entirely federal. Who are the parties to it? The people: not the people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties. Were it, as the gentleman asserts, a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment, and as a majority have adopted it already, the remaining States would be bound by the act of the majority, even if they unanimously reprobated it. Were it such a government as is suggested, it would be now binding on the people of this State, without having had the privilege of deliberating upon it; but, sir, no State is bound by it, as it is without its own consent. Should all the States adopt it, it will be then a government established by the thirteen States of America, not through the intervention of the legislatures, but by the people at large. . . .

But it is urged that its consolidated nature, joined to the power of direct taxation, will give it a tendency to destroy all subordinate authority; that its increasing influence will speedily enable it to absorb the State governments. I can not bring myself to think that this will be the case. If the general government were wholly independent of the governments of the particular States, then, indeed, usurpation might be expected to the fullest extent; but, sir, on whom does this general government depend? It derives its authority from these governments, and from the same sources from which their authority is derived. The members of the federal government are taken from the same men from whom those of the State legislatures are taken. If we consider the mode in which the federal representatives will be chosen, we shall be convinced that the general never will destroy the individual governments; and this conviction must be strengthened by an attention to the construction of the Senate. The representatives will be chosen, probably

under the influence of the members of the State legislatures ; but there is not the least probability that the election of the latter will be influenced by the former. One hundred and sixty members, representing this commonwealth in one branch of the legislature, are drawn from the people at large, and must ever possess more influence than the few men who will be elected to the general legislature. Those who wish to become federal representatives must depend on their credit with that class of men who will be the most popular in their counties, who generally represent the people in the State governments ; they can, therefore, never succeed in any measure contrary to the wishes of those on whom they depend. So that, on the whole, it is almost certain that the deliberations of the members of the Federal House of Representatives will be directed to the interests of the people of America. As to the other branch, the senators will be appointed by the legislatures, and, though elected for six years, I do not conceive they will so soon forget the source from whence they derive their political existence. This election of one branch of the Federal by the State legislatures, secures an absolute dependence of the former on the latter. The biennial exclusion of one-third will lessen the facility of a combination, and preclude all likelihood of intrigues. I appeal to our past experience, whether they will attend to the interests of their constituent States. Have not those gentlemen who have been honored with seats in Congress often signalized themselves by their attachment to their States? Sir, I pledge myself that this government will answer the expectations of its friends, and foil the apprehensions of its enemies. I am persuaded that the patriotism of the people will continue, and be a sufficient guard to their liberties, and that the tendency of the Constitution will be that the State governments will counteract the general interest and ultimately prevail.

5. RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL

W. E. Channing

It seems to be thought by some that a man derives all his rights from the nation to which he belongs. They are gifts to the State, and the State may take them away if it will. A man, it is thought, has claims on other men, not as a man, but as an Englishman, an American, or a subject of some other State. He must produce his parchment of citizenship before he binds other men to protect him, to respect his free agency, to leave him the use of his powers according to his own will. Local municipal law is thus made the fountain and measure of rights. The stranger must tell us where he was born, what privileges he enjoyed at home, or no tie links us to one another.

In conformity to these views it is thought that when one community declares a man to be a slave, other communities must respect this decree; that the duties of a foreign nation to an individual are to be determined by a brand set on him on his own shores; that his relations to the whole race may be affected by the local act of a community, no matter how small or how unjust.

This is a terrible doctrine. It strikes a blow at all the rights of human nature. It enables the political body to which we belong, no matter how wicked or how weak, to make each of us an outcast from his race. It makes a man nothing in himself. As a man, he has no significance. He is sacred only as far as some State has taken him under its care. Stripped of his nationality, he is at the mercy of all who may incline to lay hold on him. He may be seized, imprisoned, sent to work in galleys or mines, unless some foreign State spreads its shield over him as one of its citizens.

The doctrine is as false as it is terrible. Man is not the mere creature of the State. Man is older than nations, and

he is to survive nations. There is a law of humanity more primitive and divine than the law of the land. He has higher claims than those of a citizen. He has rights which date before all charters of communities; not conventional, not repealable, but as eternal as the powers and laws of his being.

This annihilation of the individual by merging him in the State lies at the foundation of despotism. The nation is too often the grave of the man. This is the more monstrous because the very end of the State, of the organization of the nation, is to secure the individual in all his rights, and especially to secure the rights of the weak. Here is the fundamental idea of political association. In an unorganized society, with no legislation, no tribunal, no empire, rights have no security. Force predominates over rights. This is the grand evil of what is called the state of nature. To repress this, to give right the ascendancy of force, this is the grand idea and end of government, of country, of political institutions. I repeat it, for the truth deserves iteration, that all nations are bound to respect the rights of every human being. This is God's law, as old as the world. No local law can touch it.

6. SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE

T. B. McCauley

Some men, of whom I wish to speak with great respect, are haunted, as it seems to me, with an unreasonable fear of what they call superficial knowledge. Knowledge, they say, which really deserves a name, is a great blessing to mankind, the ally of virtue, the harbinger of freedom. But such knowledge must be profound. A crowd of people who have a smattering of mathematics, a smattering of astronomy, a smattering of chemistry, who have read a little poetry and a little history, is dangerous to the common-

wealth. Such half knowledge is worse than ignorance. And then the authority of Pope is vouched. "Drink deep or taste not;" shallow drafts intoxicate; drink largely and that will sober you. I must confess that the danger which alarms these gentlemen never seemed to me very serious; and my reason is this, that I never could prevail upon any person who pronounced superficial knowledge a curse and profound knowledge a blessing to tell me what was his standard of profundity. The argument proceeds on the supposition that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge similar to that which separates truth from falsehood. I know of no such line. When we talk of men of deep science, do we mean that they have got to the bottom or near the bottom of science? Do we mean that they know all that is capable of being known? Do we mean even that they know, in their own special department, all that the smatterers of the next generation will know? Why, if we compare the little truth that we know with the infinite mass of truth which we do not know, we are all shallow together, and the greatest philosophers that ever lived would be the first to confess their shallowness. If we could call up the first of human beings, if we could call up Newton and ask him whether, even in those sciences in which he had no rival he considered himself as profoundly knowing, he would have told us that he was but a smatterer like ourselves and that the difference between his knowledge and ours vanished when compared with the quantity of truth still undiscovered, just as the distance between a person at the foot of Ben Lomond and one at the top of Ben Lomond vanishes when compared with the distance of the fixed stars.

It is evident, then, that those who are afraid of superficial knowledge do not mean by superficial knowledge, which is superficial, when compared with the whole quantity of truth capable of being known. For, in that sense,

all human knowledge is, and always has been, and always must be, superficial. What, then, is the standard? Is it the same two years together in any country? Is it the same, at the same moment, in any two countries? Is it not notorious that the profundity of one nation is the shallowness of a neighboring nation? Ramohun Roy passed, among Hindoos, for a man of profound Western learning; but he would have been but a very superficial member of this institute. Strabo was justly entitled to be called a profound geographer eighteen hundred years ago; but a teacher of geography who had never heard of America would not be laughed at by the girls of a boarding school. What would not be thought of the greatest chemist of 1746 or of the greatest geologist of 1746? The truth is that, in all experimental science, mankind is, of necessity, constantly advancing. Every generation, of course, has its front rank and its rear rank; but the rear rank of a later generation occupies the ground which was occupied by the front rank of a former generation.

7. THE PARTITION OF POLAND, 1880

Chas. Fox

Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt, if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun,—worse than the conduct of those three great powers in the miserable, devoted, and

trampled-on Kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war of religion, social order, and the rights of nations? O, but you "regretted the partition of Poland!" Yes, regretted!—you regretted the violence, and that is all you did. You united yourselves with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing in which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland, perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was "as much superior to Bonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates!" Was he?

Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Bonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw, and there he let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed and unresisting people! Men, women and children,—nay, infants at the breast,—were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what? Because they had dared to join in a war to meliorate their own condition as a people, and to improve their Constitution, which had been confessed, by their own sovereign, to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of "religion and social order" is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence; while the conduct of Bonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy!

8.

OUR ENGLISH HERITAGE

Edw. Everett

Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived by this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet,—stars, garters, and blue ribbons,—seem to be poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the oceans; nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided

affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims;—it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

9.

HOBBIES

Talmage

We all ride something. It is folly to expect us always to be walking. The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby; it eats no oats; it demands no groom; it breaks no traces; it requires no shoeing. Moreover, it is safest; the boisterous outbreak of the children's fun does not make it skittish. If, perchance, on some brisk morning it throws its rider, it will stand still till he climbs the saddle. For eight years we have had one tramping the nursery, and yet no accident; though, meanwhile, his eye has been knocked out and his tail dislocated.

When we get old enough to leave the nursery we jump astride some philosophic, metaphysical, literary, political or theological hobby. Parson Brownlow's hobby was the hanging of rebels; John C. Calhoun's, South Carolina; Daniel Webster's, the constitution; Wheeler's, the sewing machine; Dr. Windship's, gymnastics.

Goodyear's hobby is made out of India-rubber; Peter Cooper's, out of glue; Townsend's, out of sarsaparilla bottles; DeWitt Clinton rode his up the ditch of the Erie canal; Cyrus Field, under the sea; John P. Jackson, down the railroad from Amboy to Camden; indeed, the men of mark and the men of worth have all had their hobby, great or small.

We have no objections to hobbies; but we contend that there are times and places when and where they should not be ridden. Let your hobby rest. If it will not otherwise stop, tie it for a few days to the whitewashed stump of modern conservatism. Do not hurry things too much. If this world should be saved next week it would spoil some of our professions. Do not let us do up things too quick. This world is too big a ship for us to guide. I know, from the way she swings from larboard to starboard, that there is a strong Hand at the helm.

Be patient. God's clock strikes but once or twice in a thousand years; but the wheels all the while keep turning. Over the caravansera of Bethlehem, with silver tongue, it struck One. Over the University of Erfurt, Luther heard it strike Nine. In the rockings of the present century it has sounded—Eleven. Thank God! It will strike—Twelve.

10.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

Chas. Phillips

Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens

thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had past, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification: Caesar was merciful, Scipio was content, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied, by discipline, the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptation of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

MODULATION

Anonymous

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
That voice all modes of passion can express
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none emphatic can the speaker call
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.
Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.

All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets now down,
The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
While pause and break and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys
Than he who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bullies the balky phantom of the stage.

He who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.

The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes:
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions of the soul are there.

EMOTIONAL TYPE

I.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Abraham Lincoln

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to do the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

2.

REPLY TO LONG

James A. Garfield

Mr. Chairman :

I should be obliged to you if you would direct the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring a white flag and plant it in the aisle between myself and my colleague (Alexander Long, of Ohio), who has just addressed you.

I recollect on one occasion, when two great armies stood face to face, that under a white flag just planted I approached a company of men dressed in the uniform of the rebel Confederacy, and reached out my hand to one of the number and told him I respected him as a brave man. Though he wore the emblems of disloyalty and treason, still underneath his vestments I beheld a brave and honest soul. I would, therefore, reproduce that scene here this afternoon. I say, were there such a flag of truce—but God forgive me if I should do it under any circumstances. . . .

Now, when hundreds of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag, and when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us, when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over the mountains and rivers, and crowded it back into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to let fall the lightning of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold and proposes to surrender us all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever, to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved state!—it comes from a citizen of the honored and loyal Commonwealth of Ohio. . . .

But, sir, I will forget States. We have something greater than States and State pride to talk of here to-day. All personal and State feeling aside, I ask you what is the proposition which the enemy of his country has just made? What is it? For the first time in the history of this contest it is proposed in this hall to give up the struggle, to abandon the war, and let treason run riot through the land! I will, if I can, dismiss feeling from my heart, and try to consider only what bears upon that logic of the speech to which we have just listened.

First of all, the gentleman tells us that the right of secession is a constitutional right. I do not propose to enter into the argument. I have expressed myself hitherto on State sovereignty and State rights, of which this proposition of his is the legitimate child.

But the gentleman takes higher ground,—and in that I agree with him,—namely, that five million or eight million people possess the right of revolution. Grant it; we agree there. If fifty-nine men can make a revolution successful, they have the right of revolution. If one State wishes to break its connection with the Federal Government, and does it by force, maintaining itself, it is an independent State. If the eleven Southern States are determined and resolved to leave the Union, to secede, to revolutionize, and can maintain that revolution by force, they have the revolutionary right to do so. Grant it. I stand on that platform with the gentleman.

And now the question comes: Is it our Constitutional duty to let them do it? That is the question, and in order to reach it I beg to call your attention, not to the argument, but to the condition of affairs that would result from such action—the mere statement of which becomes the strongest possible argument. What does the gentleman propose? Where will he draw the line of division? If the rebels carry into successful secession what they desire to carry; if their

revolution envelop as many States as they intend it shall envelop; if they draw the line where Isham G. Harris, the rebel governor of Tennessee, in the rebel camp near our lines, told Mr. Vallandigham they would draw it,—along the line of the Ohio and of the Potomac; if they make good their statement to him that they will never consent to any other line, then I ask what is the thing this gentleman proposes to do?

He proposes to leave to the United States a territory reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and one hundred miles wide in the center! From Wellsville, on the Ohio River, to Cleveland, on the Lakes, is one hundred miles. I ask you, Mr. Chairman, if there be a man here so insane as to propose that the American people will allow their magnificent national proportions to be shorn to so deformed a shape as this?

I tell you, and I confess it here, that while I hope to have something of human courage, I have not enough to contemplate such a result. I am not brave enough to go to the brink of the precipice of successful secession and look down into the damned abyss. If my vision were keen enough to pierce it to the bottom, I would not dare to look. If there be a man here who dares contemplate such a scene, I look upon him either as the bravest of the sons of woman, or as a downright madman. Secession to gain peace! Secession is the tocsin of eternal war. There can be no end to such a war as will be inaugurated if this thing be done.

Suppose the policy of the gentleman were adopted to-day. Let the order go forth; sound the "recall" on your bugles, and let it ring from Texas to the far Atlantic, and tell the armies to come back. Call the victorious legions to come back over the battlefields of blood, forever now disgraced. Call them back over the territory which they have conquered. Call them back, and let the minions of secession

chase them with derision and jeers as they come. And then tell them that that man across the aisle, from the free State of Ohio, gave birth to the monstrous proposition!

Mr. Chairman, if such a word should be sent forth through the armies of the Union, the wave of terrible vengeance that would sweep back over this land would never find a parallel in the records of history. Almost in the moment of final victory the "recall" is sounded by a craven person not deserving freedom! We ought every man to be made a slave should we sanction such a sentiment.

I said a little while ago that I accepted the proposition of the gentleman that the rebels had the right of revolution; and the decisive issue between us and the rebellion is, whether they shall revolutionize and destroy, or we shall subdue and preserve. We take the latter ground. We take the common weapons of war to meet them; and, if these be not sufficient, I would take any element which will overwhelm and destroy; I would sacrifice the dearest and best beloved; I would take all the old sanctions of law and the Constitution and fling them to the winds, if necessary, rather than let the nation be broken in pieces, and its people destroyed with endless ruin.

THE BRIDGE

Longfellow

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,

The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder round the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away!

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky.

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

Yet, whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thoughts of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes:

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

4.

A PLEA FOR UNION

Benjamin H. Hill

Mr. President, I know I have detained the Senate long. I was born a slaveholder. That was a decree of my country's laws, not my own. I never bought a slave save at his own request; and of that I am not ashamed. I was never unkind to a slave, and all that I ever owned will bear cheerful testimony of that fact. I would never deprive a human being, of any race, or color, or condition, of his right to equal protection of the laws; and no colored man who knows me believes I would. Of all forms of cowardice, that is the meanest which would oppress the helpless, or wrong the defenseless; but I had the courage to face secession in its maddest hour and say I would not give the American Union for African slavery, and that if slavery dared strike the Union, slavery would perish. Slavery did perish, and now in this high council of the greatest of

nations I face the leaders of State destruction and declare this ark of our political covenant, this constitutional casket of our Confederate Nation, encasing as it does more of human liberty and human security and human hope than any government ever formed by man, I would not break for the whole African race. And cursed, thrice cursed forever, is the man who would!

5.

EULOGY OF GARFIELD

James G. Blaine

Great in life he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment, in which stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips can tell; what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy young sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart, the eager, rejoicing power to meet demands. And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with in-

stant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took his leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

DYING IN HARNESS.

J. B. O'Reilly

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in the harness—died in the shafts and straps—
Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mishaps—
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death—why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet,
What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on the heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep—and
then—

Then for the prize!—a crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread—
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead!

7.

A RE-UNITED PEOPLE

L. Q. C. Lamar

Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak, not of Northern prowess or Southern courage, but of heroism, courage and fortitude of the Americans in the war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and the South had passed away, and there no longer remains any cause for continued estrangement between those two sections of our common

country. And are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart, as we are indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, while honoring the memory of this great champion of liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and heavenly charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one—one not merely in political organization; one not merely in community of languages, and literature, and traditions, and country; but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have scrutinized your sentiments, as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these Southern friends, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates to dismiss.

The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood as well as her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity. Yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence.

The North, exultant in her triumph and elevated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions towards her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if under some mysterious spell, her words and acts are words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead, whom we lament to-day, could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord, in tones which would reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory. My countrymen! know ye one another and you will love one another.

8.

A MARTYR'S PLEA

Robert Emmet

What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your premeditation, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my *character* to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the Court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of establishing prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and of virtue; this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious Government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the Government standard,—a Government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

I appeal to the immaculate God,—to the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—to the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have

uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my Lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him. . . .

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your conceptions of yourself, my Lord;—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends,—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your bloodstained hand!

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the op-

pressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repeat it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it!

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have been the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No. God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism

which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim;—it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me,—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain unscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY

G. W. Patten

Blaze, with your serried columns!

I will not bend the knee!

The shackles ne'er again shall wind

The arm which now is free.

I've mailed it with the thunder,

When the tempest muttered low;

And where it falls, ye well may dread

The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,

I've scalped ye on the plain;

Go, count your chosen where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall;
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've traile'd me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave!

A SECRET GRIEF

Brooke

A skeleton there is in every house,
But veiled and kept from prying eyes.
Each heart well knows its secret bitterness,
And strangers meddle not, but pass it by,

All conscious, yet pretending not to know.
But when the veil is rudely torn aside,
And the grim specter stands, as 't were, impaled
Before the gaze of all, and we are chained
And bound before it, wrung with agony,
We bow the head and cry: "O Lord, how long!"
Our friends look on with sadly pitying eye;
A tear is all that they can give to this,
A life-long misery, which no human power
Can soften or remove; this poisoned cup,
Which drink we must, alone, the very dregs;
This worm, which slowly draws the sap of life;
This daily dying, and the funeral car
Ever at our door.
Tempests which fright and ruin may be borne,
For sunshine follows quick; with hearts relieved,
We gather up the wreck and soon forget.
Death comes and takes away a much-loved friend;
We mourn the loss, but time heals up the wound.
Welcome healthful cares that brace the mind;
Life's grand struggle glorified by hope;
Battle fierce upon the field of glory;
Dark clouds, with silver fringe and blue beyond,
Welcome! But brooding clouds that will not break,
That have no silver lining and no form,
Oppress the wearied spirit, and destroy
The very love of life; and the soul sighs
For some sharp storm whose lightnings may dispel
The heavy gloom, and once again restore
The light of hope, the roseate hues of life.

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

Riley

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the Sunday's wood in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "I and you,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?"

It all comes back so clear to-day,
Though I am as bald as you are gray;
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering red-heads hopped awry,
And the buzzard raised in the open sky,
And lolled and circled as we went by,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway where the sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
And our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clap-board roof. And her face—O me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

And O, my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you that she waits to-day
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering: "Tell
The boys to come." And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

12.

PRAYING FOR PAPA

Anonymous

A man who had been walking for some time in the downward path came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he

had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees, and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he went his way.

But when he was a few blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet; and as he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little house in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate—for the night was chilly—and it lit up the little parlor, and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the walls. But they were as nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at the mother's knee, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips uttered each word with distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had often said that prayer at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say, "God bless mamma;" then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And please send papa home sober," said the mother.

"And—please—send—papa—home—sober."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw papa's beaming face. That night, when little Mamie was tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telegraph, doesn't he?"

VOLITIONAL TYPE

I. THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR

Henry Clay

Mr. President, I have said what I solemnly believe, that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms.

Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the Commonwealth of England and the revolution of France—none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities, as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event—if that event ever happens—of dissolution.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, to an extent draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating wars would follow—not a war of two nor three years, but of interminable duration—an exterminating war would follow, until some Philip or Alexander, some Caesar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian knot and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and

crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you doubt it? Look at history—consult the pages of all history, ancient or modern; look at human nature; look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of a war following the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested; and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final but perhaps distant termination of the whole will be some despot treading down the liberties of the people? that the final result will be the extinction of this last and glorious light, which is leading all mankind who are gazing upon it to cherish hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be advanced throughout the civilized world? Can you, Mr. President, lightly contemplate the consequence? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen? I conjure, gentlemen—whether from the South or North—by all they hold dear in this world, by all their love of liberty, by all their veneration for their ancestors, by all their regard for posterity, by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings, by all the duties which they owe to mankind and all the duties which they owe to themselves, by all these considerations I implore them to pause—solemnly to pause—at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, which will inevitably lead to certain and irretrievable destruction.

And, finally, Mr. President, I implore, as the last blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me on earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

2.

STATES' RIGHTS

Robert Y. Hayne

Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the States. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all or any of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of its own authority, and the States are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically "a Government without limitations of powers." The States are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one word to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved, a firm, manly, and steady resistance against usurpation. The measures will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin. But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest—a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the States and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment

of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. Sir, if in acting on these high motives, if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty!"

3.

UNION FOREVER

Daniel Webster

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our vir-

tues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and

honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those words of delusion and folly, Liberty first and Union afterwards,—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

4. SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION

Jno. C. Calhoun

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force? Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction to this Federal Union. No, no! You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave—a union of exaction on one side and of unqualified obedience on the other. That obedience which, we are told by the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Wilkins), is the Union! Yes, exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called taxes—the voluntary contribution of a free people—but tribute—tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon! Your customhouse is already transferred to a garrison—and that garrison with its batteries turned, not against the enemy of your country, but on sub-

jects (I will not say citizens), on whom you propose to levy contributions. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat, it will not be executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration. Disguise it as you may, the controversy is one between power and liberty; and I tell the gentlemen who are opposed to me, that, as strong as may be the love of power on their side, the love of liberty is still stronger on ours.

5. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Sam S. Cox

I hope it may not be presuming to say, Mr. Speaker, that I have been something of a traveler, and have been upon many mountains of our star. I would that my observations had been better utilized for duty. I have been upon the Atlas, whose giant shoulders were fabled to uphold the globe. I have learned from there, that even to Northern Africa the Goths brought their fueros or bills of right, with their arms, from the cold forests of the North to the sunny plains and rugged mountains of that old granary of the Roman world. I have been amid the Alps, where the spirit of Tell and liberty is always tempered with mercy, and whose mountains are a monument through a thousand of years of Republican generosity. I have been among the Sierras of Spain, where the patriot Riego—whose hymn is

the Marseillaise of the Peninsula—was hunted after he had saved constitutional liberty and favored amnesty to all—the noblest example of patriotism since the days of Brutus.

From the seven hills of Rome, down through the corridors of time, comes the story which Cicero relates from Thucydides; that a brazen monument was erected by the Thebans to celebrate their victory over the Lacedæmonians, but it was regarded as a memento of civil discord, and the trophy was abolished, because it was not fitting that any record should remain of the conflict between Greek and Greek. From the same throne of ancient power come the words which command only commemoration of foreign conquests and not of domestic calamities; and that Rome, with her imperial grace, believed that it was wisest to erect a bridge of gold, that civil insurgents should pass back to their allegiance. From the Acropolis at Athens, there is a story of the herald of the Olympic games, who announced the clemency of Rome to the conquered, who had been long subjected to the privations and calamities imposed by the conqueror. The historian says that the Greeks, when the herald announced such unexpected deliverance, wept for joy at the grace which had been bestowed.

All these are but subordinate lights around the central light, which came from the mountain whence the great sermon was spoken. Its name is unknown; its locality has no geography. All that we know is that it was "set apart."

The mountains of our Scriptures are full of inspiration for our guidance. Their teachings may be well carried into our political ethics. But it was not far from Ararat, which lifted its head first above the flood and received the dove with its olive branch, not far from Sinai, which looks proudly upon three nations and almost three countries and overlooks our kind with its great moral code; not far

from Horeb, where Jehovah with His fearful hand covered his face that man might not look upon His brightness; not from Tabor, where the great transformation was enacted; not from Pisgah, where Moses made his farewell to the people he had delivered and led so long; not from Carmel, where the prayer of Elijah was answered in fire; nor from Lebanon, whose cedars were the beauty of the earth; not from the Mount of Olives, which saw the agony of the Saviour; not from Calvary, at whose great tragedy nature shuddered and the heavens were covered with gloom; not from one or all of these secular or sacred mountains that our best teaching for duty comes. It came from that nameless mountain, set apart, because from it emanated the great and benignant truths of Him who spake as never man spake. Here is the sublime teaching:

"Ye have heard in the aforetime, that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

"That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The spirit of this teaching has no hospitality for test oaths, and asks no compensation for grace. Along with this teaching and to the same good are the teachings of history, patriotism, chivalry, and even economic selfishness. Yet these guide to duty. They are but molehills compared with the lofty mountain whose spiritual grandeur brings peace, order and civilization!

When these principles obtain in our hearts, then our legislation will conform to them. When they do obtain their hold in these halls, there will arise a brilliant day-star for America. When they do obtain recognition, we may

hail a new advent of that Prince of Peace, whose other advent was chanted by the angelic choir!

In conclusion, sir, let me say that, in comparison with this celestial code, by which we should live and die, how little seem all the contests here about armies, appropriations, riders and coercion, which so exasperate and threaten! Let our legislation be inspired by the lofty thought from that Judean mountain, and God will care for us. In our imperfections here as legislators let us look aloft, and then His greatness will flow around our incompleteness, and around our restlessness, His rest! Then measures which make for forgiveness, tranquillity and love, like the abolition of hateful oaths and other reminders of our sad and bloody strife, will rise in supernal dignity above the party passions of the day; and that party which vindicates right against might, freedom against force, popular will against Federal power, rest against unrest, and God's goodness and mercy around and above all, in that sign will conquer.

To those in our midst who have the spirit of violence, hate, and unforgiveness, and who delight in pains, penalties, test oaths, bayonets and force, and who would not replace these instruments of turbulence with love, gentleness and forgiveness, my only curse upon such is, that God Almighty, in His abundant and infinite mercy, may forgive them, for "they know not what they do."

6.

THE CROSS OF GOLD

W. J. Bryan

And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us

why we do not embody in our platform all the things we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished.

Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon what issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard and that both great parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? If they come to meet us on that issue we can present the history of our nation. More than that; we can tell them that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance where the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of the gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have declared for a gold standard, but not where the masses have.

Mr. Carlisle said, in 1878, that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country"; and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will the Democratic party fight; upon the side of "the idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses"? That is the question which the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will

leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us, and tell us, that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave your farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachusetts, nor the inhabitants of the State of New York, by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to tend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three million in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out into the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and of the world, supported by commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers

everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

7.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Roosevelt

Gentlemen: In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who pre-eminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease but the doctrine of strenuous life; the life of toil and effort; of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself, and from his sons, shall be demanded from the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in your eyes; to be the ultimate goal after which they should strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great; you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great; because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work yourselves and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich, and are worth your salt, you teach your sons that, though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure means

that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor; who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail; but is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present, merely means that there has been stored-up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. . . .

As it is with an individual, so it is with a nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. For better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives; we should have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heart-break of many women, the desolation of many homes; and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our

armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it we would have shown that we were weaklings and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days; let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion; praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble councils of peace were rejected, that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among the nations.

8. THE NOMINATION OF BLAINE

Ingersoll

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after, as well as before election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people, with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United

States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire—greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil. This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any Government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of the Church and School. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by the Confederate Congress. The man who has in full, heaped and rounded measure all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our Country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future: asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the greatest combination of heart, and conscience, and brain

beneath her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine. For the Republican Host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year; a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution, filled with proud and tender memories of the past, with the sacred legions of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for a man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of Rebellion; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republicans to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of this Convention, in the name of the Great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the

next president of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

9. AN APPEAL FOR SUFFRAGE

Elizabeth Cady Stanton

The tyrant, Custom, has been summoned before the bar of Common Sense. His majesty no longer awes the multitude; his scepter is broken; his crown is trampled in the dust; the sentence of death is pronounced upon him. All nations, ranks and classes have, in turn, questioned and repudiated his authority; and now, that the monster is chained and caged, timid woman, on tiptoe, comes to look him in the face, and to demand of her brave sires and sons, who have struck stout blows for liberty, if, in this change of dynasty, she too shall find relief.

Yes, gentlemen, in republican America, in the nineteenth century, we, the daughters of the revolutionary heroes of '76, demand at your hands the redress of our grievances—a revision of your State Constitution—a new code of laws . . . We demand the full recognition of all our rights as citizens of the Empire State. We are persons; native, free-born citizens; property-holders, tax-payers, yet we are denied the exercise of our right to elective franchise. We support ourselves, and, in part, your schools, colleges, churches, your poorhouses, jails, prisons, the army, the navy, the whole machinery of government, and yet we have no voice in your councils. We have every qualification required by the Constitution, necessary to the legal voter, but the one of sex. We are moral, virtuous and intelligent, and in all respects quite equal to the proud white man himself, and yet by your laws we are classed with idiots, lunatics and negroes.

In fact, our legal position is lower than that of either, for the negro can be raised to the dignity of a voter if he

possess himself of \$250.00; the lunatic can vote in his moments of sanity, and the idiot, too, if he be a male one, and not more than nine-tenths a fool; but we, who have guided great movements of charity, established missions, edited journals, published works on history, economy and statistics; who have governed nations, led armies, filled the professor's chair, taught philosophy and mathematics to the savants of our age, discovered planets, piloted ships across the sea, are denied the most sacred rights of citizens, because, forsooth, we came not into this republic crowned with the dignity of manhood!

10.

A PHILIPPIC

Demosthenes

There are persons among you, O Athenians, who think to confound a speaker by asking, "What, then, is to be done?" To which I might answer: "Nothing that you are doing—everything that you leave undone!" And it would be a just and true reply. But I will be more explicit; and may these men, so ready to question, be equally ready to act! In the first place, Athenians, admit the incontestable fact, that Philip has broken your treaties, that he has declared war against you. Let us have no more crimination and recrimination on this point! And, then recognize the fact that he is a mortal enemy of Athens—of its very soil, of all within its walls, ay, of those even who most flatter themselves that they are high in his good graces.

What Philip most dreads and abhors is our liberty, our Democratic system. For the destruction of that all his snares are laid, all his projects are shaped. And in this is he not consistent? He is well aware that, though he should subjugate all the rest of Greece, his conquest would be insecure while your Democracy stands. He knows that, should he experience one of those reverses to which the

lot of humanity is so liable, it would be into your arms that all of those nations, now forcibly held under his yoke, would rush. Is there a tyrant to be driven back?—Athens is in the field! Is there a people to be enfranchised?—Lo, Athens, prompt to aid! What wonder, then, that Philip should be impatient while Athenian liberty is a spy upon his evil day! Be sure, O my countrymen, that he is your irreconcilable foe; that it is against Athens that he musters and disposes all his armaments; against Athens that all his schemes are laid.

What, then, ought you, as wise men, convinced of these truths, to do? You ought to shake off your fatal lethargy, contribute according to your means, summon your allies to contribute, and take measures to retain the troops already under arms; so that, if Philip has an army prepared to attack and subjugate all the Greeks, you may also have one ready to succor and to save them. Tell me not of the trouble and expense which this will involve. I grant it all. But consider the dangers that menace you, and how much you will be the gainers by engaging heartily, at once, in the general cause. Indeed should I assure you that, however inactive and unconcerned you might remain, yet, in the end, you should not be molested by Philip, still it would be ignominious—be witness, Heaven!—it would be beneath you, beneath the glory of your ancestors, to sacrifice, to your own selfish repose, the interest of all the rest of Greece.

Rather would I perish than recommend such a course! Let some other man urge it upon you, if he will; and listen to him, if you can. But, if my sentiments are yours; if you foresee, as I do, that the more we leave Philip to extend his conquests, the more we are fortifying an enemy, whom, sooner or later, we must cope with; why do you hesitate? What necessity do you wait? Can there be a greater for freemen than the prospect of dishonor? Do you wait for

that? It is already here; it presses, it weighs on us now. Now, did I say? Long since, long since, was it before us, face to face. True, there is still another necessity in reserve, the necessity of slaves, blows and stripes! Wait you for *them*? The gods forbid! The very words in this place, are an indignity!

II.

AGAINST CATILINE

Cicero

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before;—the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council; takes part in our deliberations; and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter? And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but shun this mad-man's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more

execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard—a decree, by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found, so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt.

While there is one man that dares to defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whispers, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of the night shall not cover thy treason—the wall of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State than thou in plotting its destruction.

2. THE WAR IN AMERICA

Chatham

The people whom they (the ministers) affect to call rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged

this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility; this people—despised as rebels—are acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy. And our ministers dare not interpose with dignity and effect. Is this the honor of a great Kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of Great England, who but yesterday gave law to the House of Bourbons? The dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

The desperate state of our arms abroad is part known. I love and I honor the English troops. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say, you *cannot* conquer America.

Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected, and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most noted general, now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand French from French America. My Lords, you cannot conquer America! What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in the three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, my Lords, I repeat,—it is impossible! You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every pitiful little German prince who will sell his subjects to the shambles of a foreign power! Your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds

f your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country I *never* would lay down my arms; *never, never, never!*

3. DEFENCE BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS

Luther

Most Serene Emperer, Illustrious Princes, Gracious Lords :
In obedience to your commands given me yesterday, I stand here, beseeching you, as God is merciful, so to deign mercifully to listen to this cause; which is, as I believe, the cause of justice and of truth. And if, through inexperience, I should fail to apply to any his proper title, or offend in any way against the manners of courts, I entreat you to pardon me as one not conversant with courts, but rather with the cells of monks, and claiming no other merit than that of having spoken and written with that simplicity of mind which regards nothing but the glory of God and the instruction of the people of Christ.

Two questions have been proposed to me: Whether I acknowledge the books which are published under my name, and whether I am determined to defend or disposed to recall them. To the first of these I have given a direct answer, in which I shall ever persist, that these books are mine and published by me, except in so far as they may have been altered or interpolated by the craft or officiousness of rivals. To the other, I am about to reply; and I must first entreat your Majesty and your Highnesses to sign to consider that my books are not all of the same description. For there are some in which I have treated the piety of faith and morals with simplicity so evangelical that my very adversaries confess them to be profitable and

harmless, and deserving the perusal of a Christian. Even the Pope's bull, fierce and cruel as it is, admits some of my books to be innocent; though even those, with a monstrous perversity of judgment, it includes in the same sentence. If, then, I should think of retracting these, should I not stand alone in my condemnation of that truth which is acknowledged by the unanimous confession of all, whether friends or foes?

The second species of my publication is that in which I have inveighed against the papacy and the doctrine of the papists, as of men who by their iniquitous tenets and examples have desolated the Christian world, both with spiritual and temporal calamities. No man can deny or dissemble this. The sufferings and complaints of all men are my witnesses that, through the laws of the Pope and the doctrines of men, the consciences of the faithful have been ensnared, tortured, and torn in pieces; while at the same time, their property and substance have been devoured by an intolerable tyranny, and are still devoured without end and by degrading means; and that too, most of all, in this noble nation of Germany. Yet it is with them a perpetual statute, that the laws and doctrines of the Pope be held erroneous and reprobate when they are contrary to the Gospel and the opinions of the Fathers.

If, then, I shall retract these books, I shall do no other than add strength to tyranny, and throw open doors to this great impiety, which will then stride forth more widely and licentiously than it hath dared hitherto; so that the reign of iniquity will proceed with entire impunity, and, notwithstanding its intollerable oppression upon the suffering vulgar, be further still fortified and established; especially when it shall be proclaimed that I have been driven to this act by the authority of your Serene Majesty and the Holy Roman Empire. What a cloak, blessed Lord, should I then become for wickedness and despotism!

In the third description of my writings are those which I have published against individuals, against the defenders of the Roman tyranny and the subverters of the piety taught by men. Against these I do freely confess that I have written with more bitterness than was becoming either my religion or my profession; for, indeed, I lay no claim to any special sanctity, and argue not respecting my own life, but respecting the doctrine of Christ. Yet even these writings it is impossible for me to retract, seeing that through such retraction despotism and impiety would reign under my patronage, and rage with more than their former ferocity against the people of God.

Yet since I am but man and not God, it would not become me to go further in defense of my tracts than the Lord Jesus went in the defense of His doctrine; who, when He was interrogated before Annas, and received a blow from one of the officers, answered: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" If, then, the Lord himself, who knew his own infallibility, did not disdain to require arguments against His doctrine even from a person in low condition, how much rather ought I, who am the dregs of the earth and the very slave of error, to inquire and search if there be any to bear witness against my doctrine! Wherefore, I entreat you, by the mercies of God, that if there be anyone of any condition who has that ability, let him overpower me by the sacred writings, prophetic and evangelical. And for my own part, as soon as I be better instructed I will retract my errors and be the first to cast my books into the flames.

I cannot but choose to adhere to the Word of God, which has possession of my conscience; nor can I possibly, nor will I ever make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God! Amen!

14.

LOVE OF THE IDEAL

Mazzini

Love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the Word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere springs the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience or suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these today, you would fall again tomorrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and, while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of your soul, yet ever bear your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith.

15.

LABOR

Thos. Carlyle

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse, wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Ven-

erable, too, is the rugged face all weather-tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly, him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavors are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and

doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up and of smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith. Man, Son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

16.

ADVICE TO PLAYERS

Shakespeare

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show, and noise.

I would have a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of his nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither have the accents of Christians, nor the gait of Christians, pagan, or man; have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

17.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Wendell Phillips

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of French who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October 1859, you might have come by way of the quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this—that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America melted away their chains. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle field, but one, and that was the black race of San Domingo.

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American Republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more dagguerrotypes their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons; let her be ignorant and penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world again—how much could she do in Sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalog of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian Isles. Toussaint L'Ouverture made her what she is. Toussaint was indisputably her chief. Courage, purpose, endurance—these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what

statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into the grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

18. MRS. CAUDLE'S MASONIC ASPIRATIONS

Jerrold

Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh, you can't be asleep already, I know! Now, what I mean to say is this: There's no use, none at all in our having any disturbance over the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle: I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been

doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no. There's an end of the married state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? *Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better.* I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

And your not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion,—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I know. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how they can be one when a man's a Mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a Mason—when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being
y it's

a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? *You won't?* You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

Kellog

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My earlier life ran as quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated together beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when in adventurous boyhood we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of the piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans."

And so, fellow-gladiators must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy gazes upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly

locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble honorable battle!

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Drake

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,

And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame of midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death careering on the gale
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightn'd waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel-hands to valour given,

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

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